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# THE CRESSET

## A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND CURRENT AFFAIRS

- Happy New Year
- Geographic Planning—II
- Labor-Management Relations—II

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# THE CRESSET



## *IN THE JANUARY CRESSET:*



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THE CRESSET

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# Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

## Happy New Year

ANYBODY that starts ringing out any wild bells to the wild sky around our house this New Year's Eve can expect to be set upon by a vicious, three-months-old puppy, name of Jimmy. We want to slip very quietly out of the 1940's into the 1950's, preferably in our sleep.

It isn't that we have anything against 1949. As years go, it wasn't such a bad one. But there was nothing remarkably good about it, either. In most ways, we seem to be about where we were at the end of 1948, except that most of us are a little older and a little more bilious. We are still carrying on a cold war, we are still trying to solve the housing problem, we are still arguing about the welfare state, and we are still making and spending more money than ever before.

As for 1950, our crystal ball is very much clouded. Despite the editorial cartoonists, we don't see the new year as a sweet, innocent little chap clad in epidermis and a florist's ribbon but as a twin brother of the old year dressed in the rags and patches and tatters which are its inheritance from the years gone by. Tennyson, back in Victorian times, peeked into the future and saw all kinds of goodies up in the sky and on the earth. We take a long look into the future and see only a kind of greenish-grey fog.

And we are not in the least disturbed that we see nothing there. Like Cardinal Newman, we no longer ask to see the distant scene but the one step—the next step—which is our immediate concern and for which we have the promise of Divine guidance. Days and

months and years actually do not exist at all. It is only the moment, that infinitely small piece of time where time touches eternity, that really exists. And so it is not for 1950 that we ask God's help and blessing but for the next tick of our watch, the next beat of our heart. And if He is merciful to us in each moment as it comes and goes, we have no doubt that a year from now those myriad moments will have added up to a very good year.

## Bad Names

MANY years ago, William Schwenk Gilbert sang that "every baby that is born alive is either a little liberal or a little conservat-ive." The recent elections, and even more the elections that are coming up, indicate that the little babies that are born today will not have as simple a choice as they had in Gilbert's time, for both liberalism and conservatism come in such a remarkable range of shadings and gradations nowadays that it is hard for anyone to figure out what he is.

We got to thinking about this the other day while we were reading *The Lutheran,* the news magazine of the United Lutheran Church. Back on page 50, Editor Elson Ruff defined a conservative as "somebody who wants things to be as they were yesterday." This came just a couple of days after one of our most conservative friends had spent two hours trying to prove to us that he is a liberal. Meanwhile, Senator Taft has been crusading up and down the state of Ohio looking like a conservative, talking like a liberal, and generally confusing the good, simple-minded folk who want everybody to fit into a category.

The more we thought about the whole business, the firmer became our resolution to avoid, from here on, putting people into any kind of mass-category. If we can't even classify ourselves, surely we have no business classifying anybody else. By Editor Ruff's definition, we are liberal, for we are very unhappy about things as they were yesterday. Congressman Barden would probably label us conservative because we are against federal aid to education. Comrade Vishinsky would put us down for a filthy capitalist-imperialist reactionary because we think the present government of the USSR is a moral horror. The *Chicago Tribune* might call us Red because we think that neither the capitalist system nor the Republican party was conceived by the Holy Ghost. And so it goes. We seemingly are neither a little liberal nor a little conservative and we doubt that anybody else is, either.

## The Silence of Guilt?

WE HAVE here a reprint of a news item headed "U. S. Advises Jap Press to Ignore Yamashita Book." The story was printed in the *Chicago Tribune* and reprinted by the University of Chicago Press which published the book, *The Case of General Yamashita,* a stinging indictment of the celebrated war-crimes trial which resulted in Yamashita's conviction and hanging. The book is reviewed in the "Literary Scene" section of this issue.

We have no background worth speaking of in the law, so we reserve judgment on the conclusions reached by the author. Maybe Major Imboden, the head of the press unit of the occupation forces, is right when he says that the book is a one-sided presentation of the case. Undoubtedly he is right when he says that the occupation forces have a legal right to suppress it. But the question is whether they have a moral right, and we don't think they have.

At the very best, the trial of the Japanese general was fishy enough to prompt Justices Murphy and Rutledge to call it a "judicial lynching." If it was a "judicial lynching," somebody needs to be called to account. But even aside from the moral issue, there is the practical issue. If it is actually our purpose to democratize Japan, this banning of controversial books is certainly a quaint way to go about it. Somewhere along the line, the Japanese need to learn that it is of the essence of democracy that it is self-criticizing.

In suppressing the book, Major Imboden has practically conceded its accuracy. More than that, if the book's thesis should be true he assumes moral responsibility as an accomplice in Yamashita's hanging. Sleep well, major.

## Congratulations

BECAUSE of the deadlines which we must observe, this is our first opportunity to express our profound respect for the administrators of Jefferson Military College of Natchez, Mississippi, who turned down a proffered grant of oil and mineral rights worth an estimated fifty million dollars rather than accept the conditions which were attached to the grant. Those conditions, briefly summarized, were that the college should exclude from its faculty and student body any person who was not of Anglo-Saxon or Latin-American derivation, that it should teach "the Constitution and Christianity and the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American races," and that the donor should be permitted to name three of the five trustees of the school.

As we see it, the school did right in refusing the money, not because of the specific conditions that were attached to it but because here was a man who had the gall to suppose that he could buy a school. Even if the conditions attached had been less objectionable, the school would still have faced the duty of declining the money, for a school to be worth anything must be free of entangling commitments to any individual. It is not the purpose of education to teach people what to think but to teach them how to think and to provide an atmosphere of intellectual freedom within which young people can test their thinking apparatus on all sorts of concepts and ideas. In the process, much faulty thinking may be done, many false ideas may be momentarily embraced. But that is a part of the learning process and probably the most essential part of it.

The trustees of Jefferson Military College should be remembered gratefully by everyone who believes in the ideal of free education. And it is to be hoped that whatever financial loss the college suffered by making its courageous reply will be at least partly made up by the thousands of educators and thinking people who had such a large stake in the college's stand.

## Great Man

IT WAS quite an experience to read the newspaper accounts of the journeyings and speeches of India's Prime Minister Nehru during his visit to the United States and Canada. Running through all of the accounts was a strain of mystification. The boys were all busy trying to figure out Nehru's "angle" and some of them seemed more than a little piqued at not being able to put their fingers on it.

There were some who trotted out the old line about East being East and West West and let it go at that. We would like to suggest that there was something more than a difference between East and West, though. What many of the reporters seem never to have grasped (some did) is that Nehru is a truly great man intellectually and morally. He was not working an angle but following a high morality. He is not for sale, either for money or for friendship. No wonder the working press, to whom such a person would indeed seem an animal *sui generis,* couldn't figure him out.

It is the shame of the Western world, with two millennia of Christian culture behind it, that we must look to India for the two most noble political figures of our century—Gandhi and Nehru. They are the kind of statesman we should have been turning out

all along. But we have exiled the mystics and the poets and the philosophers and the theologians to the far margins of our national life and have followed the purblind "practical" men who shy away from intellectual and moral realities as naturally as a two-year-old child turns from a volume of Keats to a jack-in-the-box. There are people in the United States who know and understand Nehru just as they have known and understood the great men of all generations. But few of those Americans are in government and fewer still are in a position to shape national policy.

## Finis—Kaput—The End

WELL, it's happened and our only emotion, if that is the word we are looking for, is one of relief. We knew it was coming and now it's here. Tomorrow we turn in our pencil, get out the old blue jeans, and go back to work.

What has happened is that a repulsive eight-year-old lad named Axel d'Etter has just sent in the corrected galley-proofs of his first novel, the presses are rolling, and in a few weeks *The Exciting Forest,* a story of the adventure of two toy monkeys, will be lying on reviewers' desks. And then the whole wretched truth will be out that we writing chaps have been dodging men's work all these years, spivving on the national economy and running competition for bright little kids who need the money for scooters or lollipops or whatever it is bright little kids spend their money on.

The worst of the story is still to be told, though. Not only did this eight-year-old write a novel. He wrote it in French a couple of years ago (at the age of six, that would be) and has dawdled away these past two years (one-fourth of his young life) translating it into English and needling publishers to put it out. We know a Ph.D. who spent fourteen years writing a book in English and spent another five years finding a publisher.

This, then, is the end. The women outlive us, the kids outwrite us and there is nothing left but to join Panglos in cultivating our garden.

## The Labor Scene

WHILE the experience is still fresh in our minds, it might be well to look back upon the coal strike and the steel strike and see what happened and what might have happened if a little intelligent thinking were applied to labor relations.

What happened was that organized labor and organized man-

agement pitted physical and economic strength against each other and that the stronger side won. That is essentially the same thing that happened back in Prohibition days when rum-running gangs got into trouble with each other on the question of territories. This is not to suggest that either of the sides in the recent unpleasantness was composed of gangsters, but the methods employed by both sides bore a striking resemblance to gangster methods. It was sheer, naked force that won the day and if, in the process, justice triumphed, that triumph was purely coincidental.

How much more intelligent and how much less costly it would have been if there had been some sort of court to which the contending parties could have appealed and whose verdict they would have been bound to obey. In every other area of disagreement between people and groups of people we have long since abandoned the practice of trial by combat, and yet in the field of labor relations we glorify it as a sacred right. And so long as there is no generally accepted court of appeal, we shall probably have to go on considering it a sacred right. But sacred or not, it is still an extremely crude and primitive way of settling disputes.

One of our great needs right now is to develop a body of labor law which will be free from partisanship, from political opportunism, and from excessive weighting in favor of either management or labor. And then we should have courts to administer that law. The time should come when the strike will be as obsolete as the ordeal by torture and the lockout as obsolete as the *droit de seigneur*. The public interest demands it.

## Man of the Year

About a month ago, we sent out a questionnaire to all of our associates asking them to indicate their choice of the man of the year and of the news story of the year. As we had expected, there was no agreement on the answers. As a result, we out-*Time Time* and present six men of the year, the six who were nominated by our associates.

The six, then, are Dr. Ralph Bunche, whose masterful work in Palestine brought high prestige to the United Nations at a time when it badly needed it; Mahatma Gandhi, whose wise and noble life was validated, as it seems such lives must almost always be validated, by a martyr's death; Dr. Philip Jessup, whose role in the shaping of American foreign policy has again given the lie to the tired and cynical old maxim that the scholar must of necessity be

ineffectual in dealing with "practical" problems; Judge Harold Medina, who in his conduct of the trial of the Communist leaders in New York set an example of fairness and firmness which will be long and gratefully remembered; Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, prime minister of the Union of India, who in the space of two years has accomplished the most profound and most peaceful political revolution in the history of the world; and Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who followed his conscience to an African village and, in going, forced the whole intellectual world to re-examine its values.

There was considerably more agreement on the news story of the year. Half of our colleagues chose the revelation that the USSR has exploded an atomic bomb as the big story of 1949, although one qualified his answer with the statement that very probably the really big story of 1949 was the birth of some child whose greatness for good or for evil we will not recognize for many more years yet. Other choices were the trial of the Communist leaders for conspiracy and the story of the attempted rescue of the California youngster who fell into an abandoned oil well this summer.

Our poll and the choices of man of the year and story of the year obviously prove nothing and are meant to prove nothing. But it will be interesting to check back, ten or twenty years from now, and see how well we were able to separate the significant from the insignificant in these last days of a troubled and confused year. Almost certainly we will have been very wrong—not as wrong, though, as the writers and scholars and wise men of the year 4 B.C. who were all but unanimous in choosing Augustus Caesar as man of the year and the great world-wide census as the news story of the year.

# The PILGRIM

*"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."* —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

## 1950

TEN years ago, as 1939 became 1940, I wrote some words in this place hailing the coming of a new decade. . . . A few faithful readers, more chronologically minded than I, wrote long and gently critical letters pointing out that new decades begin when the last digit in our measuring of the years becomes "one." . . . Those ending in zero still belong to the previous decade and the years which we call the years of our Lord (an ironic phrase for most children of the twentieth century) did not begin with "zero" but with "one." . . . Their arguments impressed me and I have accepted their position, even though a change in the third digit still gives me pause. . . . It seems to be a signal for meditation . . . a slightly louder chime in the tolling of our years . . . a milestone just a little greater than those which are marked by the changing of only one digit . . . the sound of longer trumpets. . .

Perhaps it will be good for all of us to remember that this New Year's Eve. . . . When the clock strikes midnight a little "five" will come crawling over the horizon of time and the "four" will disappear for ninety years. . . . Can anyone doubt that the ten years in which we wrote the "four" will be remembered as long as we shall be permitted to measure time? . . . Last night a great snow came to our town and I walked for awhile in its stillness trying to remember the days and months since January 1, 1940. . . . It was a crowded panorama, almost as heavy with names and events and places as the snowflakes whirling before my eyes. . . . As the forties began most of the world was already at the sorry business of trying to settle its affairs by killing. . . . Our own nation was restlessly poised on the edge of armed conflict. . . . Do you remember the years that followed? . . . Pearl Harbor, Bataan, Corregidor and Singapore . . . the Battle of the Bulge, Normandy, the London blitz, Potsdam, Stalin-

grad . . . Yalta, Teheran, Hiroshima and Nagasaki. . . . A president slumping at his desk in a little house in Georgia . . . men disappearing from homes in Nebraska, Illinois and New York . . . the quiet weeping of women. . . . Telegrams from the War Department . . . whistles and flags on V-E Day and V-J Day . . . an entirely new vocabulary of war . . . operations, bazookas, radar, sonar, foxholes. . . . My footsteps in the snow were without sound but all around me was a babel of noises, a confusion of the tongues of history. . . . I could not even place the events in their order. . . . These were the years which some of us had tasted to the last drop . . . great, mean, bitter, sweet, final. . . . In and through them we had lived somehow . . . day by day . . . and sometimes not too unhappily because the human capacity for pain is limited by our finiteness . . . a very great mercy of God. . .

My steps led me to the cemetery at the edge of town. . . . There was good reason for my going there. . . . We have a grave of our own there since November, a very little one, so small that it was hard to find under the snow. . . . She had lived only fifty-five hours —a goodly though mysterious span of life if one wants to stop anywhere short of three-score-and-ten. . . . The burden of her going was much easier to bear than the nurture of twenty years and a sudden end in a telegram from the War Department. . . . But she too was a part of the forties, if only for two or three of us . . . the broken march of life and death which marked these years in unprecedented measure. . . .

All this many of us will try to remember when the bells toll on New Year's Eve this year. . . . Sometimes I wonder, however, just how much we have learned from these years of winnowing and judgment. . . . A few days ago I was paging through a book written by one of our most brilliant public figures. . . . Suddenly I came to a section which spoke of the need for faith in our mid-century world. . . . I began to read more closely . . . here was a hard, sceptical mind talking about faith . . . something that was not done in high intellectual places twenty or thirty years ago. . . . After a few minutes, however, I put the book away . . . quietly . . . finally. . . . Our great and incisive mind was saying that we should develop a greater faith in human nature . . . in its natural goodness . . . its readiness to do the right thing if given an opportunity. . . . I closed my eyes for a moment and remembered Munich . . . concentration camps . . . hunger marches . . . men in high places bending to graft and

greed while our boys were hitting the beaches of Normandy and Guam . . . the still mysterious deals made in conference rooms throughout the world. . . . And all this, I thought, can be taken from the world by more faith in the natural goodness of man! . . . Surely our sophisticated century will go down in history as one of the most naïve eras in the history of man. . . . After all this we still mumble some eighteenth century cliches . . . some vague echoes of the voices from long exhausted wells . . . some sentimental sentiments which were not even true when the winds of judgment seemed to be held . . . a long time ago. . . .

True, we shall need faith this New Year's Eve . . . as seldom before . . . but a vertical faith . . . in God . . . a true and clear vision of the long shadow of His judgment over us . . . and a humble, praying faith in the return of His mercy over us. . . .

Surely only that will do now as our century moves toward afternoon. . . . It is God we need and nothing less . . . and all of Him, too, . . . the God of history and judgment and pity . . . of Sinai and Athens and Calvary . . . of the Mount and the Cross. . . . Little good has now come these many years from London, Berlin, Washington and Tokyo but we can know what good may yet come from Nazareth and Bethlehem. . . . And that of course is always a personal matter . . . beginning and end, it has little to do with high places and great events. . . . It is the quiet taking of a free and holy gift . . . given at midnight in a Manger and at noon on a Cross . . . the knowledge that our faith is not a new doctrine or philosophy, or new economics or a new form of society, but simply the Child and the Child become Man . . . the incarnation of the living God . . . who preferred to die rather than to be without us . . . and having joined us here has remained here as the Lord of the years and the Ruler of Time. . . .

And so we can watch the "four" disappear from our calendars this New Year's Eve with a great and deep content. . . . The final judgment of the forties is now in the hands of God and we shall hear it in His own good time. . . . The bells, patient and impersonal, will ring the welcome for another year and we can go into it as a child enters a darkened room on Christmas Eve . . . not afraid of the darkness because we know that the lights will come in a moment . . . in a short and blessed moment . . . and they will never go out again . . . not for us or anyone who has ever stood at the Manger.

# Geographic Planning for Better Communities, Citizenship, and Stewardship

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PART II

## The Master Plan

THE procedures by which community planning is accomplished may be said to constitute the Master Plan. This plan involves a comprehensive survey of all the geographic resources of the area—physical and cultural; a study of the relations of each of these elements to one another as they now exist; and appraisal of their functional values for future use. It outlines definite proposals for short-range and long-range programs of economic and social development. And finally it outlines a plan for carrying out the Master Plan.

Master plans differ widely in their scope, depending upon the size and type of community, ultimate objectives, planning techniques employed, etc. The average comprehensive plan is made up of various maps showing the relief and other features of the land, the thoroughfare and land-use patterns, numbers and kinds of people, regional location of the area to neighboring communities, and the like. These geographic surveys will be supplemented by historical and statistical studies, economic, engineering, and sociological surveys relating to the origin of the community, its historical development, neighborhood and distant traffic and trading conditions, characteristics of civic enterprises, trend of population growth and areal spread, juvenile delinquency and other problems.

Maps, charts, and graphs are often made on a comparative basis—to show what we have now,

and what we may reasonably expect to have 10, 25, or 50 years from now. To start with the graphical material is commonly projected on a large scale for public use. Unless officials and citizens can actually visualize the present and contemplated future patterns of the community, environmental problems and mode of attack are difficult to conceive.

Details of the significance of illustrative material are referred to in the written report which covers every part of the Master Plan in a systematic way.

A number of commonly held illusions concerning a Master Plan may be referred to at this time: its use is limited to large cities; all the parts of the Master Plan need to be adopted at one time; represents a complete and final blueprint of community development; regiments the affairs of the community in totalitarian fashion; is something the average community cannot afford.

All these are misconceptions. Small towns of only a few thousand inhabitants may well consider the benefits of planning. In certain states at least the Master Plan may be drawn up and adopted in several installments (e.g., first a thoroughfare plan, then a land-use plan). The plan, like any other ordinance of the common council may be amended from time to time. Planning deals with the future, and so no planning can be static. Community planning is a democratic process all the way through. The project is not initiated by a dictator, but is promoted by a city plan commission usually appointed by the city mayor and council. Members serve without pay. Meetings of the commission are open to the public, and before any planning measure is adopted by the commission there must be a public hearing legally advertized in the press. The common council finally passes upon the recommendations of the commission.

Though planning costs are universally low compared with many other urban expenditures, they vary widely as to size and type of community, and the character and extent of planning services rendered. Some city officials and citizens may be more concerned about how much extra taxes have to be levied to hire a professional planner than to determine the dividends that accrue to the community in material and moral values because of such a plan. Would the average family forego one show a year to pay its share of the cost of drafting a blueprint for the orderly growth of its home town for say the next twenty-five years to come? Well, that may just about be it as far as the initial plan is concerned—or possibly even less. Moreover, master plans

are intended to avoid costly mistakes in street, sewer, and other constructions. Even the condemnation and removal of only one structure (as a house at the end of what should have been a through street) may cost several times that of the entire city plan.

## Community and Academic Interests in Planning

Planning is paradoxically one of the most dynamic and dramatic yet unobservable factors in the modern American scene. Self-rewarding without measure to the participating citizen, planning is financially remunerative only to a limited number of professional planners. And while many people are quick to recognize and criticize slums, crimes, and other physical and moral shortcomings of a community, it is characteristic that we "just take for granted" a "model" city without stopping for a moment to reflect how it may have come about. Cities beautiful and practical like Paris and Washington, and like the landscape of the outer drive of Chicago, did not just happen.

The orderly development of these communities and thousands of others of different scales and designs is the result of farsighted vision and imagination of public spirited citizens who were instrumental first of all to get legislation providing adequate police powers necessary to carry out planning objectives effectively. For example, it is now possible in Indiana for a city plan commission (where there is no county plan commission) to exercise jurisdictional planning control two miles out beyond the city limits. It is obvious that the suburban area of a community with its new subdivisions not only is badly in need of planning guidance, but it is in such relatively underdeveloped areas that planning can best be realized.

The other prerequisite to resultful planning is active participation by the citizenry—young and old—in the discussion of various community projects involved in the planning program. Perhaps no point in the whole planning program in America stands out so clearly as the fact that the relative success of planning in any community is usually measured by the extent of planning interest and planning intelligence of its citizens. Such can be developed through the leadership found in the various community organizations, such as the Chamber of Commerce, the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and the civic men's, women's and youth's clubs.

Planning motivation and direct and continuous participation in working for community betterment seems to us a challenge of

primary importance in American education—whether on the elementary school, high school, or college level. Planning is an ideal, self-contained educational process. It integrates the concepts of philosophy, science, art, and government all into one category. The validity of its principles can be tested out in the community laboratory. Since every community interest is involved, there is motivation for study and action for practically all professional, social, and age groups.

Educators in recent years have increasingly stressed "integration" programs of one type or another. And so the United States Department of Education asks: "How can knowledge and understanding most effectively contribute to the integration of the child's experiences for socialized learning and living?" It seems to the writer that the social studies area of our various school curricula may well be organized about community planning as a common denominator of instruction to which all the sciences—natural and social—can make their own appropriate contribution. In brief, direct pupil, parent, and teacher participation in the community planning program seems to be the best approach to real citizenship training. It might achieve what one educator had in mind when he said, "Citizenship is not a thing to be memorized. It must be thought and lived."

## The Role of Geography in Planning

Since geography is primarily an areal study, it is concerned with the significance of location and place to place differences; how and why one region, district, or zone is better adapted to one form of human occupance or activity than another. And so the geographer shares the interest of his colleagues in other social science fields in determining what should and can be done by planning to realize all the potentialities of material and social development of which the community is capable.

Here at Valparaiso University a course has been introduced in the Department of Geography and Geology entitled "Geographic Planning." It treats of the general nature, purposes, objectives, techniques, and organization of modern community planning for the promotion of social and economic well-being, as based on sound geographic principles.

In two other geography courses, Rural Field Survey and Urban Field Survey, the student acquires the techniques of actual mapping of the physical and cultural elements of the environment by the use of the plane table. The skill of drafting maps is supplied in still another course called Cartog-

raphy and Graphics. Thus the theoretical course in Geographic Planning is supplemented by practical training of gathering and mapping data in the field and in the laboratory.

Other courses like Conservational Geography and Economic and Commercial Geography offer basic material for developing in the student a spirit of pride in his country's rich heritage, and an intelligent interest in the distribution and use of the world's resources.

## Planning Promotion Techniques

Some reader may now wish to know how a planning program may be initiated and carried out. Again, we must say that there is probably no one best way. What may be best for one community may not work as well in another community. Then also, planning is governed by laws, which vary from state to state. However, certain elements of the planning process seem quite basic.

Citing some of our own experiences in connection with the planning program in Valparaiso may prove helpful. By talks on planning before several civic organizations interest was aroused in the program. This led to a Chamber of Commerce meeting, where it was decided to adopt a recommendation for the organization of a citizen's advisory planning council. The object as stated in the constitution of the CAPC is to foster a comprehensive and continuous planning program designed to promote and perpetuate the maximum physical and cultural well-being of the community. Membership was drawn from practically all civic bodies in the community. Each member was assigned to some committee covering one or another of the various functional aspects of planning—transportation, recreation, business, subdivision control, zoning, etc. These topics were made the basis of panel speaking programs participated in jointly by "town and gown" (leaders in industry, in business, and in civic affairs generally; sociology, political science, and geography instructors and students).

Briefs were prepared in advance of the meeting to designate the chief problems to be emphasized. These were mimeographed and distributed at the meeting of citizens held in town hall fashion to facilitate understanding and discussion of planning problems and procedures. Occasionally the CAPC arranged for an address by a professional planner from the Indiana Economic Council, the state planning organization. More recently councils for local neighborhoods have also been formed.

What have been the results of

these meetings? First of all, such programs created good news copy for the local daily, the *Vidette-Messenger,* whose editor enthusiastically seizes upon every opportunity to editorialize on the functions and benefits of community planning. Articles in the press also featured in abstract form term reports on specific phases of planning principles and practices prepared by students in the Geographic Planning class at the local university.

Secondly, these town hall programs brought the public into direct contact with those problems of the community in which they are or should be most vitally interested.

Thirdly, the carefully prepared programs promoted planning intelligence by direct participation. First a panel of three, four, or five speakers rehearsed the brief prepared on a specific phase of planning; the meeting on this program was then publicized in the press; at such meeting the panel members elicited the discussion and questions which revealed what the average citizen is thinking about in the way of improving his neighborhood or the community as a whole with respect to the particular subject under consideration. It should be kept clearly in mind that planning programs succeed only when supported by public opinion.

Fourthly, at practically each meeting some concrete planning recommendations have been made for consideration by the city planning officials. One of them resulted in a new city planning administration composed of a city plan commission and a professional planning consultant.

Since the gathering and mapping of the physical-cultural data of a community is very time consuming yet at the same time presents a fine challenge in the way of practical experience for student and instructor alike, the responsibility for this part of the planning program was assumed by a professor of the Department of Geography and Geology and his class in Urban Field Survey. Under the direction of the planning consultant, he also has assumed the responsibility for drafting the planning maps.

Inventory and field mapping of the present physical landscape has now been completed; an interim zoning ordinance and subdivision regulations have been passed by the city plan commission; a projected thoroughfare plan and land-use zoning pattern is now under consideration.

Truly, the wide personal contacts and professional experience associated with community planning convince one of the fact that planning constitutes the master principle by which may be suc-

cessfully integrated all the various agencies of the community interested in promoting a more fruitful, happy, and wholesome life. These include the city mayor and members of the common council, city plan commission and its planning consultant, the citizen's advisory planning council and neighborhood councils, the park board, the school city, the real estate board, the Chamber of Commerce and the numerous civic clubs and individual public spirited citizens, the state Indiana economic council, members of the University administration, colleagues of the faculty and students, and the press. All these have given unstintedly of their time and services in a wonderfully cooperative manner.

And for the particular value this article as a CRESSET feature may have in stimulating interest in Christian stewardship, may we express the opinion that there is no better way in which both the clergy and the laity can make their Christian influence felt in the community. The Christian should not only be a *good* citizen in the sense of obeying laws, but be a dynamic force in the community and state for helping achieve a richer and nobler life for his fellow men.

To this end also may we bespeak more direct participation by our clergy and parochial school teachers in community affairs. It is a pleasure to report in this connection that the secretary of the Valparaiso City Plan Commission is a clergyman.

In conclusion, it occurs to us that some of the readers of THE CRESSET may be interested in certain principles and procedures of the planning program which space here did not permit us to cover. Though there is no special service department maintained for this purpose, the chairman of the Department of Geography and Geology of Valparaiso University offers his services for the promotion of any community planning program.

*Mr. E. J. Gallmeyer, vice-president of the Wayne Pump Company, gives the second in our series of answers to the question:*

# "What Do You Consider the Greatest Obstacle Standing in the Way of Sound Labor-Management Relations?"

Good management does not separate its employees into more favored groups and into less favored groups. Labor relations are employee relations as distinguished from stockholder and owner relations. This includes the president, the general manager, managing executives, foremen, machinists, toolmakers—everybody—including those who have to tidy up the place.

Time was when labor was considered a commodity. It was bought in the market as hay and grain, as oil and steel; used or abused, as certain considerate or non-thinking, so-called industrial leaders chose.

There is foolish thinking in this whole field today, on the part of the people generally and on the part of certain professional labor leaders specifically. The first group plainly does not know, and the second finds that cleavage between classes insures strife and makes for control. When strife is assured, then room is made for a certain type of labor agitator.

No employer of labor worth his salt fails to be interested in the newest and the lowliest of his employees. Management of American business is the exemplification of the attitude—"The President died and they hired a new office boy." I'll admit frankly that this attitude hasn't always guided everyone in their labor relations, but the smart ones have been thusly guided and have profited from this decent, humane, and altogether Christian approach toward their associates. Take the oil industry, for instance. This tremendous multi-billion dollar industry has more executives advanced from lower bracket positions to that of district managers, regional managers, vice presidents and presidents than it has college-bred

executives. Men who yesterday drove a horse-drawn oil wagon are the top bosses today, and within the month a new Hoosier heads the colossus of the Bell Telephone interests—and he got that way because he could climb a telephone pole and lay a wire across it and keep the company's interests at heart all along "the line."

Yes, there have been brutal managers of labor, but there have also been brutal managers in labor—those who do not care whether the interests of their charges are advanced unless their own personal interests are first given preference.

The attitude of management over against labor is today one of the most encouraging things in our economy. Anyone having any contact with the thinking man's dealings with labor situations today will verify this—that management wants labor to earn every dollar that the business can afford to pay, and wants each and every one of the units working in its enterprise, large and small, to have every opportunity to exhaust the possibilities, both of their brain as well as their energy applied. American business has learned that loss in wages to labor means less buying power, loss in profits to business. Only a fool wants to tear down the income of the worker. What management is concerned with is getting a day's work done for a day's pay. When, however, we see wages increased 118 per cent over 1940 and efficiency, in many instances, decreased to 70 per cent of 1940, then you can understand why industry has gray hairs, and why management fails to understand this lack of interest and cooperation on the part of labor. The labor dollar, too, in any article must be sold.

When one surveys the fact that in 1913 men worked ten hours a day six days a week and some got as little as $11.00 for this labor, and that the same group today works five eight-hour days with a 550 per cent increase in wages, and with more than double the purchasing power of 1913, then we wonder why there is the lack of faith and the lack of cordial relations. All have progressed together. Yes, the land is fat. Our own opinion is this—that it is a part of some labor leadership to keep up strife between management and labor, continuously imbuing the employee with the idea that his interests and the company's interests are separate; while thinking people have always known that in union there is strength. This erroneous attitude in labor is carrying the analogy back to the days when one might have said the prevailing notion was that "labor be damned." Now some labor inculcates the idea

that "management be damned." The shoe is distinctly on the other foot, and that after a history of cooperation and advancement in working conditions and living conditions such as knows no parallel in the world's history. When we listen to all the controversy between so-called capital and labor put out on the air, and read about it in the different publications, it is easy to get the idea that the whole problem is one between management and labor. What both management and labor fail to realize is the fact that they are both working for the stockholder. He is the fellow who puts up the money, takes all the risks and, on the average, gets a very modest return for the use of his money. He is the party in this industrial empire in the United States who provides gainful employment to both management and labor. I sometimes feel that he is shamefully neglected in the over-all consideration. It is important to remember that if it is not profitable to the stockholder, it can't be profitable to either management or labor.

Statesmanship has developed in business management and progress also has been made by labor. Genuine labor statesmanship needs yet to be added.

I am done with great things and big things, great institutions and big successes, and I am for those tiny, invisible, molecular, moral forces that work from individual to individual, creeping through the crannies of the world like soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, yet which, if you give them time, will rend the hardest monuments of man's pride.

WILLIAM JAMES

# THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

## IS EVOLUTION SCIENTIFIC?

There is a would-be-wise attitude towards evolution which would write it down as a "scientific theory," with the "scientific" in quotation marks. There is another attitude which discusses evolution as a simple scientific fact, a "proven fact." In the court of sound philosophical thinking neither of the attitudes has any reputable standing. The evolutionary hypothesis is certainly a scientific theory in the sense that it is a theory arrived at by scientific study, is part of the working capital of most scientists in such fields as biology, geology, astronomy, zoology, physiology, and many others. On the other hand, it is very definitely not a "proven fact." I think one should maintain the same attitude of aversion to the evolutionist who proclaims his theory "proven fact" as to the apologist for Christianity who can only discuss scientific matters with a sneer sometimes indicated by the quotation mark in the phrase "scientific" theory.

It must be admitted that the church in its conflict with agnostic science has not always been well served by those who presumed to speak for it. It cannot be maintained that the church was adequately represented at the Scopes trial in Dayton, Tenn., in July, 1925. There was T. T. Martin, a diminutive white-haired man, secretary of the Anti-Evolution League of America, who scouted about town and stopped first one then another, to ask what their religion was and then started working on them. He was 52 years of age and had been a farmer, carpenter, grocer, and a few other things. He had come to Dayton "by the order of God Almighty." An Associated Press report of the period said:

Both white and colored evangelists hold regular meetings on the street corners. Some of them are blind. One has a two-piece orchestra, a horn and a drum; another a little portable organ.

"The Life of Christ," a motion picture, is advertised extensively for showing here Monday and Tuesday night.

The holy rollers hold a nightly meeting under the big trees down town, and their strange performance draws large crowds.

William Jennings Bryan was not aided in his battle with Clarence Darrow at the Scopes evolution trial by such tactics of the Bible-believing element, and in the opinion of educated people nothing is gained by the disdainful attitude towards science exhibited by some opponents of the evolutionary doctrine.

It is not so difficult to prove that evolution is a theory which lacks final scientific proof, but it is futile to deny that in its authentic form it is a "scientific" proposal to account for the origin of plant and animal species. It is just as scientific, I should add, as was the theory of the "ether," which was fifty years ago the universally accepted theory to account for the transmission of light, but which is held by no scientist today.

## WISHFUL THINKING

One of the later works of Dr. Joseph Jastrow, who taught psychology at the University of Wisconsin for many years, was entitled *Wish and Wisdom.* Here is a volume of nearly four hundred pages which elaborates a quite obvious thesis, to-wit, that in the matter of forming beliefs, "wish diverts wisdom." In other words, it is a common failing of the human mind to believe what it wishes to believe, supporting its illogical conclusions by the would-be-logical structures of rationalization.

One might question whether the thesis was really in need of formal academic treatment. For, in the discussion of practically every going question of whatever nature, it is plain to see that the desire to arrive at the correct answer, in spite of tyrannical fashion, in spite of personal and group prejudices and interests, and in spite of the social penalties of non-conformance, is so rare as to be in effect practically non-existent.

In the course of his research, Dr. Jastrow was able to collect quite a museum of human follies in the realm of credulity, his specimens being chosen from a wide range of history. His first example is one Alexander, a miracle-monger of Asia Minor in the second century who "trimmed the

fatheads" of his day. And he traces the record down to the latest psychic cults engaged in trimming the equally fat heads of our admittedly enlightened age, which, as we well understand, is the only really "modern" age that has ever been.

Dr. Jastrow held that "prepossession compromises the general inclination to bend thinking toward a conclusion reached in advance." To be thus "prepossessed" is to be unscientific, according to the author and quite obviously he is right. The amusing thing, however, is that in the very effort to combat prepossession, he has produced an imposing example of it. His own prepossession is that of a "naturalistic" psychologist who believes only that to be true what he can see and feel. Worse still, he staked his case upon that "standard order of thinking which leads to science" (that is to say, science as now understood), thereby assuming that what is already known is all there is to know. Dr. Jastrow was unwilling to accept any facts not already accommodated by the neat little patterns of the orthodox science of our day.

Now, it will always be too early to conclude that the limits of reality are known. But just this is the unscientific approach of which materialistic thinkers like the late Joseph Jastrow were guilty and I am willing to admit that any evolutionistic theorizing based on a materialistic world view is not only unproven but also unscientific.

## SUGGESTING A COMPROMISE

Organic evolution is regarded by biologists as established, because, if true, it explains, in a reasonable manner, innumerable facts that have no other scientific explanation. The course and causes of organic evolution are considered less certain than those of the inorganic evolution described in geology,

If we are to be exact in our use of terms we shall avoid the expression "inorganic evolution" which is sometimes applied to the theories which account for the origin of the solar system (the sun and its planets), and the changes which have taken place in the physical constitution of the earth. In other words, where the process is regarded as pretty well understood by the scientists, we are not really dealing with evolution, which is an attempt to account for the present variety of animals and plants, in other words, which deals with living things.

No one who has kept himself abreast of the literature on the subject would today venture to declare that the process—call it evolution if you will—by which

the universe has come into existence, has been scientifically accounted for. All theories that once stood forth bravely in the textbooks have gone into the discard since the idea of an "expanding universe" has found acceptance by many noted astronomers and those dealing with related sciences like astrophysics. It is now assumed that in a single moment almost incalculably remote in time the universe came into being through the explosion of original substance gathered in a single point and containing in itself the substance of which not only our sun and its planets but a hundred million galaxies like the milky way in which our sun is a fixed star, were made. But this "expanding universe" will be maintained by no one as more than a grand hypothesis. The collapse of the mechanistic world view which assumed that there is no Creator, no Mind governing the universe, but that the only real things are matter, motion, and time, has caused many leaders in the field of physics and chemistry to incline to the view that the miracles observed in the living cell can be accounted for only as the working of divine Energy and Intelligence. A modern writer discussing evolution from this point of view said:

> It cannot be too strongly emphasized that evolution is not the cause, but the mode of creation. We may call evolution the method used by the Creator in bringing into being the myriad forms of animate and inanimate existence. The first verse of the Bible can now be read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," by the process of evolution. In a word, creation has been by evolution.

Certainly we have here a confounding of two altogether different things—creation and evolution. These terms connote two entirely different acts and processes. Creation is one thing, evolution another. Creation means to bring something new into existence, an entity that had no prior existence. Evolution means the development of something already created, and endued in its creation with the necessary potentialities for its development. In the creation of the heavens and the earth, something entirely new was brought into being. Could something have been "evolved" out of nothing? Where there is nothing to evolve, nothing can evolve.

Neither "inorganic evolution" nor "creation by evolution" can have any standing in strict scientific discussion. They are terms which merely befog the issue.

## EXPANDING KNOWLEDGE

In a lecture delivered in 1933 by Father Schwitalla of St. Louis University on the subject of

organic evolution, it was asserted that evolution is proven by a chain of which one link is iron, another glass, another paper, and another clay, and he devoted an hour to an analysis of the different types of evidence. These lines of evidence are continually affected by the progress of scientific research. To Huxley, he said, protoplasm was simply a substance. He had no trouble deriving the various parts and organs of an animal from "protoplasm." Now we know that the chemical differences in the various parts of the body are enormous. We differ in the tissues of the blood, the kidneys, etc. There are chemical differences between the blood of two human individuals. These are so great that transfusion of the wrong type of blood may mean sudden death, an extremely startling thought. If the differences are so great between one human being and another, how could ever a specific human type of blood be derived from a non-human ancestor? The difficulty is doubled, precisely doubled, by the consideration that both a male and a female must have acquired this new type of blood, springing forth at the same time and in the same locality. Schwitalla continued to say that once evolution was called inexplicable because the change in chromosome count is impossible. Every cell of our body has a specific number of inheritance factors which are called chromosomes. This count is exactly the same in all human beings and so for all species of plant and animals. What the individual turns out to be is largely the result of the inheritance factors found in the egg from which it springs. How then is it possible for new species to arrive? Beyond that, since this lecture was delivered in 1933, we have found that there are subtle chemical differences and also differences in the electric charge of the various cells. Unless the chemical constituents are the same, and the electrical charge identical, the chances for living offspring (a new species) are very remote.

## THE EARTHWORM'S GIRDLE

In the zoological textbook of Curtis and Guthrie, the reproduction of the earthworm is described as follows:

At the time of egg laying, the clitellum (thickened glandular section of the body) exudes a secretion that becomes a girdle-like structure as it hardens by exposure to the air. This is gradually slipped forward as a ring might be drawn from a napkin. During its passage toward the head, several eggs pass from the opening of the oviduct on segment fourteen into the space between the body and the girdle. At the openings of the

seminal receptacles on segments nine and ten, spermatozoa (male reproduction cells) derived from another worm enter the space containing the ova, and fertilization occurs. There is also included an albuminous secretion from the skin glands which later serves as nutrient for the developing embryos. When the girdle is finally "laid," by being slipped over the head, its two ends come together and it thus forms the egg capsule, or cocoon, in which the fertilized eggs develop.

There is nothing more wonderful than this in the entire domain of nature, and evolution stands abashed before the task of trying to account by chance and physical laws for the origin of these organs and functions. Half developed, less than 100 per cent developed, the anatomy of the earthworm would be absolutely unfitted for reproduction. There could be no new species. There could be no new individuals.

The illustration just given opens the wider field of speculation—how at all the structure, organs, and functions could have been gradually evolved that are necessary for the reproduction of animals and plants. Everything connected with the germ cells, and the various bodily parts concerned, is full of mystery. Read these short paragraphs from some of the present day college texts:

All hereditary traits and characters are perpetuated through the direct transmission and growth of a bit of material furnished by each parent and handed down to each cell of the organism. Although this is still the mystery of mysteries to the biologist, the careful study of the past twenty or thirty years, directed upon this very point, has revealed much, but in so doing has added more that is still unknown. It has shown the nucleus (of the egg or sperm cell) to be a microcosm of extraordinary complexity, and has opened up a new world, the very existence of which has until lately remained unsuspected. The continuously living chromatin, which pervades each cell of an organism, has in its own existence actually experienced all the somatic modifications of its entire past history, traces of which it must retain in some form of structural expression, enabling it to control the development of the soma (body) during every stage of its existence. How this is effected is far beyond our present means of observation, and perhaps of experiment, but the results presuppose an inconceivably complex structure in the chromatin in order to render such results possible. (H. H. Wilder, *History of the Human Body,* p. 53 ff.).

In the light of the many difficulties that the theory of sexual selection meets with, I think we shall be justified in rejecting it as an explanation of the secondary sexual differences amongst animals. Other attempts to explain these differences have been equally unsuccessful. Our examination of the suggestions that have been made and of the speculation indulged in, as to what benefit the process of

sexual reproduction confers on the animals and plants that make use of this method of propagation, has failed to show convincingly that any advantage to the individual or to the species is the outcome. (T. H. Morgan, *Evolution and Adaptation*, p. 220, 450.)

In other words, not only can evolution not account for the existence of the reproductive process but it cannot even prove that the particular method of procreation which is called "sexual" has any advantage which would account for its development.

## DEATH AT THE HALF-WAY HOUSE

One of the reasons why the evolution theory was so readily accepted is that the theory of creation was known to involve the occurrence of miracles—that term being used in the sense of a direct act of divine power—while the theory of evolution dispensed with them. But is this latter supposition justified? If the assertion that the whale is a separate creation involves a miracle, the assertion that the whale gradually evolved from some land animal appears to involve two miracles—a gradual transformation that appears to be physically impossible, and the preservation of a long line of succeeding generations of the animal in question during the transformation.

At every stage of the development of a new bodily part or organ, or of a new instinct, a point is reached when the change or organ, structure, or instinct has gone far enough to make life impossible for the species without being sufficiently developed to permit some new use or function. While this sounds a bit technical and abstruse, imagine the function of the earthworm's reproductive system half developed and certainly no new earthworms could come into being. There is death at the half-way house. It is employing this kind of reasoning that caused Mr. Douglas Dewar (in *Difficulties of the Evolution Theory*, London, 1931) to claim that evolution demands more miracles than creation, since the theory of the gradual origin of every new type involves a number of transformations that are apparently physiologically or mechanically impossible. Mr. Dewar pointed out how these evolutionary changes create insuperable difficulties to:

1. The gradual transformation of an Amphibian into a Reptile.
2. The gradual transformation of a Reptile into a Bird.
3. The gradual transformation of a Reptile into a Mammal.
4. The gradual transformation of a Land Animal into a Whale.
5. The gradual transformation of a Lower Animal into a Man.

# *Music* AND MUSIC MAKERS

*What Makes Music Great?*
[CONTINUED]

By WALTER A. HANSEN

Stravinsky, the astute prophet of glaring colors, acid dissonances, and many styles, studied under the guidance of Rimsky-Korsakoff, and some of his works show the influence of his able and famous mentor. But the nimble-witted Igor put on seven-league boots and rushed ahead. Listen to his *Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rite of Spring),* and you will see with what boldness he forsook the Rimskyan paths.

Shall one say, as some do, that in the course of the years Stravinsky has deliberately metamorphosed himself into the caricature of a great composer? Let us be careful.

Once upon a time the Arnstadt Consistory rebuked the mighty Johann Sebastian Bach "for having hitherto made many curious *variationes* in the chorale" and because he "mingled many strange tones in it, and for the fact that the Congregation has been confused by it."

When Mozart was urged by his publisher to give consideration to the taste of the public as a whole, he declared, "Then I have only to reconcile myself to starving."

Some critics found ear-splitting discords, forced transitions, and harsh melodies in the music of Chopin. They dipped their pens in venom.

Gioacchino Rossini decided to play Wagner's *Tannhäuser Overture* upside down. Why? Because he thought that in this way the music might prove to be more bearable.

Claude Debussy, one of the important pathfinders in music, wrote about Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen:*

> It is difficult for anyone who has not had the same experience to picture to himself the condition of a man's mind, even the most normal,

after attending the tetralogy for four consecutive evenings. . . . How insufferable these people in helmets and wild-beast skins become by the time the fourth evening comes around!

But Debussy did find something to admire in Wagner. He declared:

There are long moments of *ennui* when one does not really know which is most at fault, the music or the drama; then suddenly the most supremely lovely music, irresistible as the sea, surges into one's ears, and criticism flies to the winds.

Dr. Percy Goetschius, the well-known theorist, asserted that our diatonic scale "is in accurate accord with the workings of nature's immutable law"; but Baron von Helmholtz, the great German scientist, said:

The system of scales and modes and all the network of harmony founded thereon do not seem to rest on immutable laws of nature. They are due to aesthetical principles which are constantly subject to change according to the progressive development of knowledge and taste. Nothing musical is absolutely forbidden.

**A Program**

Recently I heard an orchestral program which filled my mind with thoughts about the ingredients of greatness.

The program began with the six-part suite which Sir Hamilton Harty (1879-1941), the distinguished Irish conductor, arranged from Georg Frederick Handel's *Water Music.* This work intensified my conviction that Handel was a great master.

Every program is, in a sense, a contest in which the composers represented contend for victory, and in almost every audience one is bound to find sharp disagreement as to who is the winner and who the loser. Differences of opinion make for excitement at concerts just as they make for excitement at horse races.

The late Sir Hamilton's *Water Music Suite* contains six masterpieces that warm the cockles of anyone's heart. How gracefully the composer sings and dances in this music! How majestically he struts in parts of the suite! His skill is dumbfounding. Handel was a master of the art of concealing art.

As long ago as 1760 the Rev. John Mainwaring, Handel's first biographer, told a fascinating story about the *Water Music.* In our day some scholars accept the tale as true, and some reject it as fiction.

In 1712 Handel, who was employed as *Kapellmeister* at the court of the Elector of Hanover, received permission to visit England. He agreed to return to his post at the expiration of his leave of absence. But the composer found life in England so attractive that he failed to keep his

word. The Elector became angry, so the story goes, and Handel fell from favor.

Two years later the Elector was proclaimed King of England. Now he was in a position to punish his truant *Kapellmeister*. Handel did not dare show himself at court. His friends tried to bring about a reconciliation, but their efforts were futile.

In 1715 Johann Georg, Baron von Kielsmansegge, Master of the King's Horse, "devised an ingenious expedient," as Edward J. Dent puts it, "for surprising the King into clemency." The Baron arranged a water party on the Thames and prevailed upon the King to attend. Handel agreed to compose special music for the occasion, and the Baron saw to it that a barge bearing the composer and a group of musicians was close to the King's boat. The music made a profound impression on the monarch. "Who is the composer?" he asked. When he was told that Handel had written the music, he cast his resentment aside and agreed at once to a reconciliation.

Newman Flower, who has given us one of the best of the recent Handel biographies, rejects Mainwaring's story as altogether fanciful. The *Water Music,* contends Flower, was not produced until 1717, and the circumstances in which it was brought out were "entirely different" from those set forth in the well-known story told by Mainwaring. Some years ago a report by one Frederic Bonnet, Brandenburg envoy to the English Court, was found in the Berlin Archives. The document is dated July 19, 1717. According to Flower, it "gives the whole story of the *Water Music* shorn of its romance." "It shows," continues Flower, "that the righteous anger of the King, which had been aroused by Handel's failure to return to the Hanoverian Court, did not exist. The King may have had his annoyance, but, at any rate, when the *Water Music* was produced they were the best of friends."

Bonnet wrote that the river party took place on July 17, 1717. It was given at the Baron's expense. "By the side of the Royal barge," he reported, "was that of the musicians to the number of 50 who played all kinds of instruments, viz., trumpets, hunting horns, oboes, bassoons, German flutes, French flutes à bec, violins and basses, but without voices." After the party there was a "splendid supper at the pleasure house of the late Lord Ranelagh at Chelsea on the river, to where the King repaired an hour after midnight," and "at half-past four in the morning H.M. was back at St. James'."

**Music by Virgil Thomson**

The second composition included in the program I am discussing was a suite which Virgil Thomson, music critic of the *New York Herald Tribune,* derived from the music he composed for Robert Flaherty's film titled *Louisiana Story.*

Here was a sharp contrast. Is Thomson's music great? Is it near-great? Does it grip you? Does it enchant you? Does it carry you away?

Thomson is a bold and forward-looking man. In the music for *Louisiana Story* he causes the new to vie with the old. I believe that in this fascinating score he has actually out-Thomsoned Thomson. He has produced fine atmospheric effects. His writing is picturesque. It is vivid.

Purists will no doubt condemn Thomson for his harsh dissonances and for his use of parallel fifths. The intrepid Missouri-born composer and critic need not worry. Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, and others employed parallel fifths when the spirit moved them to do so.

Mr. Thomson has fashioned a chorale on the basis of the twelve-tone scale. and he has done this with skill which rivals that of the venerable Arnold Schönberg. He has put an ingeniously constructed *passacaglia* into his score, and he has built a quadruple and graphically effective fugue. I have heard Thomson music which to me was trite and downright intolerable, but the suite from *Louisiana Story* afforded me much pleasure. Thomson is resourceful. He is courageous. He had deepfelt convictions.

In *Louisiana Story* Thomson rubs elbows with the French impressionists, sits reverently at the feet of Bach, reaches for the coat-tails of Stravinsky, plays mumble-ty-peg with Schönberg and enjoys a drink or two with Wagner. He mingles the old with the new, art with artifice. His music stirs thought and debates. Will it ever win smashing victories? Who knows?

The third composition on the program was Brahms's *Symphony No. 2, in D Major, Op. 73,* a work teeming with beauty of melody and abounding in awe-inspiring craftsmanship.

After Brahms had completed his second symphony, he wrote to his friend Dr. Theodor Billroth, "I do not know whether I have a pretty symphony; I must inquire of skilled persons." This was in September, 1877. In December of the same year he wrote to Elisabet von Herzogenberg, "The orchestra members here perform my new symphony with crape bands on their sleeves because of its dirge-like effect. It is to be printed with a black edge, too."

Why did the composer resort to such waggery when referring to one of his most important works? Was it his purpose to belittle the symphony? Did his disparaging remarks merely give proof of his great modesty? Or would it be far-fetched to assume that Brahms himself had the conviction that he had produced a significant work and then spoke of it in a deprecatory manner in order to find out whether his friends would arrive at a similar conclusion?

Whatever the reasons may have been, it is certain that Brahms's *Second* is too beautiful a composition to be summarily ruled out of court by derogatory judgments. The late Felix Weingartner said of this work, "The stream of invention has never flowed so fresh and spontaneous in other works by Brahms, and nowhere else has he colored his orchestra so successfully."

Brahms's *Second* has been called idyllic in character. Richard Specht, one of Brahms's biographers, declares that "the work is suffused with the sunshine and the warm winds playing on the water, which recall the summer at Pörtschach that gave it life." Then the able scholar goes on to say that "the comfortably swinging first subject at once creates a sense of well-being with its sincere and sensuous gladness."

Who was the winner in this program made up of works by Handel, Thomson, and Brahms? In my opinion, the symphony by Brahms won the contest. I know, however, that some would vote for Handel. Maybe there are those who would maintain with irrepressible stoutness of heart that Thomson was the winner.

Convictions as to the greatness or near-greatness of a composer are, to a large extent, a highly individual matter. Beware of accepting or rejecting another person's verdict without giving that verdict careful thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## RECENT RECORDINGS

RICHARD STRAUSS. *Ein Heldenleben (A Hero's Life), Op. 40.* The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart. A magnificent performance of this deftly and sumptuously scored autobiographical composition. Strauss himself is the hero. Critics may cackle and snort, but Richard and his beloved Pauline hold their heads high and give blow for blow in the battle. RCA Victor WDM-1321.

JOSEPH HAYDN. *Symphony No. 93, in D Major.* The NBC Symphony Orchestra under Guido Cantelli.

**El Greco**

Adoration of the Shepherds. About 1590, in the Throne-room of the Royal Palace at Bucharest

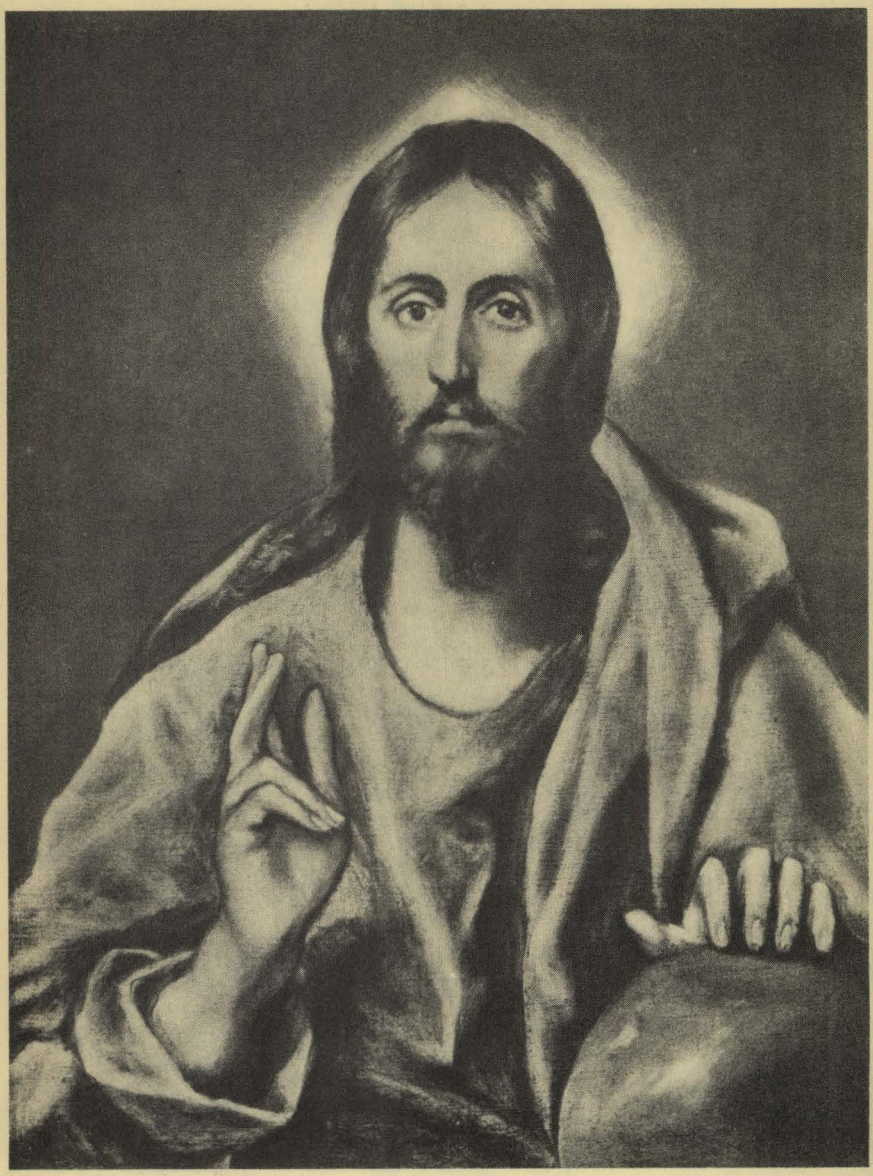
**El Greco**

Holy Family. About 1596, in the Carreras Collection at Barcelona

**El Greco**

St. Dominic. About 1595, in the Cathedral of Toledo

**El Greco**
St. Joseph with the Child Jesus.
1597, Toledo



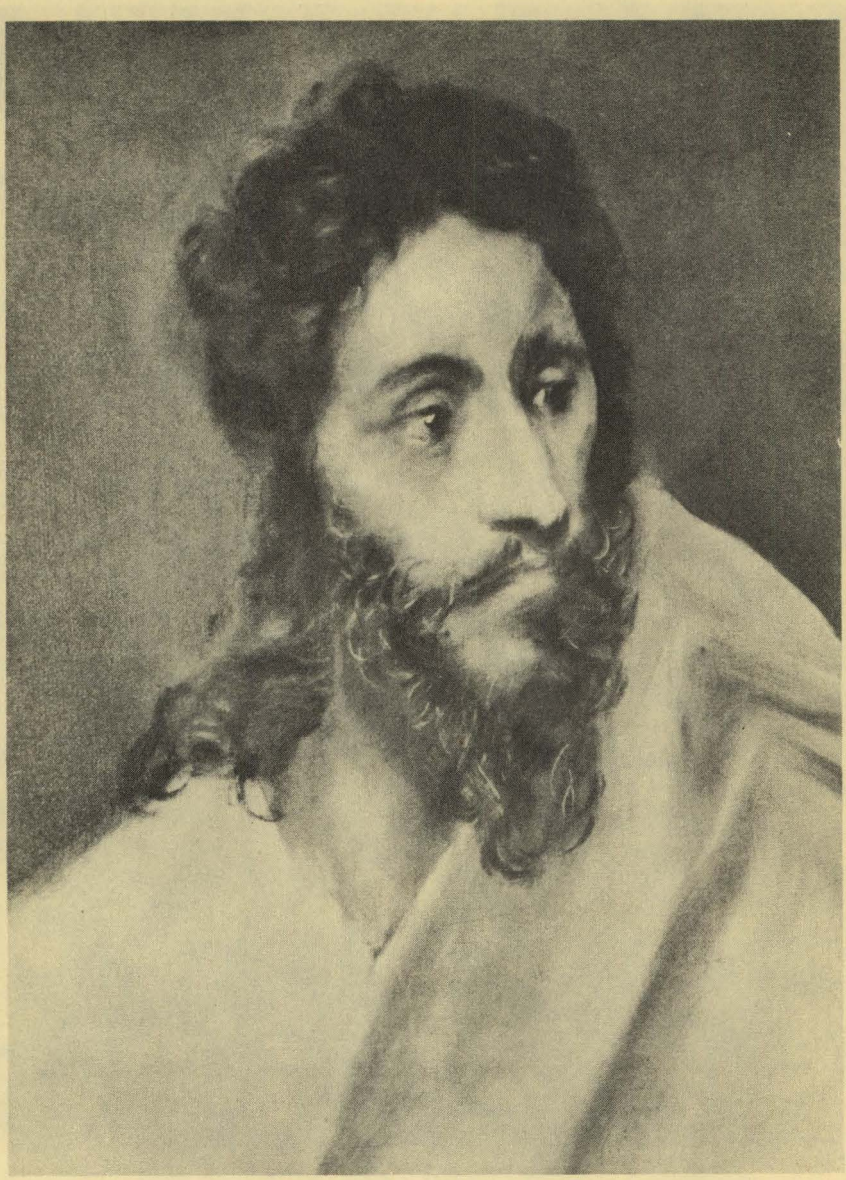
**El Greco**

The Saviour. About 1596, in the Parmeggiani Gallery

**El Greco**

Mater Dolorosa. About 1594, Municipal Museum, Strasbourg

**El Greco**
Christus. 1604, Toledo Cathedral



**El Greco**

St. Bartholomew. About 1604, in Greco Museum, Toledo

Cantelli, the young protégé of Toscanini, makes his debut on discs in America. The reading is Toscaninian in rhythm and in drive, but is the typical Toscaninian drive really germane to the minuet as it was played and danced in the days of Haydn? RCA Victor WDM-1323.

RICHARD WAGNER. *Siegfried, Act 3, Scene 3.* The Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra under Erich Leinsdorf, with Eileen Farrell, soprano, and Set Svanholm, tenor.—A moving presentation of some of the most glorious music ever written. RCA Victor WDM-1319.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. *Sleigh Ride,* from a set of *German Dances.* PETER ILYICH TCHAIKOVSKY. *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy,* from the *Nutcracker Suite.* Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra. — The orchestral tone is gorgeous, the readings cause a bit of head-scratching. RCA Victor 49-0553.

GIACOMO PUCCINI. *Entrance of Butterfly* and *Death of Butterfly,* from *Madame Butterfly.* Licia Albanese, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra and Women's Chorus under Victor Trucco. *One Fine Day,* from *Madame Butterfly,* and *What a Beautiful Dream of Doretta!* from *La Rondine.* Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, with the RCA Victor Orchestra under Jean Paul Morel.—Miss Albanese is a great artist; Miss Kirsten is a capable artist. The recording is excellent. RCA Victor 49-0548.

As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of exalted characters.

EDWARD GIBBON

# The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

*All unsigned reviews are by members of the Staff*

## Between Optimism and Pessimism

*GOD'S GRACE AND MAN'S HOPE.* By Daniel Day Williams. Harper & Brothers, New York. 1949. 215 pages. $2.75.

THIS is the publication in book form of the Rauschenbusch Lectures for 1947 read at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School by Professor Williams of the Federated Theological Faculty of the University of Chicago.

Professor Williams sets himself, in the cautious and discerning manner for which his students reverence him, to steer a fresh course between the easy optimism of the social gospel and the paralyzing pessimism of the neo-orthodox "reaction" toward an interpretation of the Christian faith which will both sustain moral effort and social intelligence and strengthen our hold on the realities of God's judgment and mercy. We are not forced to a simple choice between liberalism and neo-orthodoxy, partly indeed because there is truth on both sides, but mostly because both sides have left something out. That something is the fact of God's *redemptive* work in human history: the fact that God, the Lord of Life, is both Creator and Redeemer.

Liberalism never got around to the doctrine of redemption because it did not see the need for it. The emergence of man from sin and the building of the Kingdom were here conceived as primarily the work of creation, as the story of God's success with man.

The neo-orthodox, contrariwise, while emphasizing a doctrine of total sin, have not made an adequate place for the real possibility of redemption as transformation of human existence in this life and in this world. "Insecurity" and "conflict" and "impersonality," which are the natural conditions of creaturely existence, are here made into continuing temptations to sin which *inevitably* follows; and so for the neo-orthodox redemption can come only at the "end." Thus heaven for Barth and Brunner and Niebuhr has seemed to many to *be* this tottering on the brink of hell. The new life in Christ is never more

than sheer beginning or sheer hope. The Gospel does not come clean here as when the apostle spoke it in the present tense and in the indicative mood: "If any man be in Christ he *is* a new creature."

Professor Williams presses his thesis that God's work of redemption involves as an integral aspect a process in this world and the actualization of love (a lot of *eros* left in this agape) in this life through such tangled issues as the Christian attitude toward power politics, the meaning of the Christian's "calling" and its relevance in moral decisions, the statement of a Christian ideal for society, and the conception of Christian "growth in grace."

Basic to the entire discussion, of course, is Professor Williams' conception of God within a metaphysic of process. With it always goes the insistence that "orthodox" theologies, operating at least tacitly with a metaphysic of static being and with the existential analysis of time, have not succeeded in defining the transcendence and immanence of God in an intelligible way. If all of knowledge is drawn from a critical interpretation of what is given in human experience, then either concepts drawn from experience do illuminate God's way of being in relation to us or we are without knowledge of a God who can be brought into any significant relation to human experience. Here at least is a claim to have made the reigning, caring, striving, suffering God of Scripture thinkable without compromising the truth either of God's godhood or of man's creaturliness. It is possible that here is an issue which neo- (and not-so-neo-) orthodox theologians cannot continue simply to ignore.

There is much in this little book which the conservative theologian may find disquieting, but there is very little in it which he will not find stimulating. The problem is that of every Christian man, whom Luther has described as *simul iustus et peccator*. The solution is at once as simple and as profoundly inscrutable as is the Cross of Calvary. And so theologies one by one try their hand at it before they break their heads against it. Perhaps in the end Professor Williams must learn to say of human theology too what he has written so eloquently of human history: that we understand it rightly only "when we see the sign of the cross in all of it and over all of it."

RICHARD LUECKE

## The Days and Ways of Liberalism

*MEN IN CRISIS:* The revolutions of 1848, by Arnold Whitridge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1949. 364 pages with bibliographical notes and index. $5.00.

*THE AGE OF REVOLUTION:* The rise and decline of liberalism in Europe since 1815, by J. J. Saunders. The Roy Publishers, A. N., New York, 1949. 311 pages. $3.50.

THESE two books have as their central theme the revolutionary period of the nineteenth century. However, the approach of the authors and

their treatment of the subject matter is quite different.

*Men in Crisis* is a study of some of the outstanding leaders of the revolution of 1848, their personalities and their share in the causes and results of the uprisings. The author has a vivid style and tells his story interestingly. Though he is not uncritical, he never leaves his readers in doubt as to his strong preference for Liberalism. He attributes its failure in 1848 to the dissensions among its advocates and their inexperience with practical politics, and to the fear of the radical socialistic ideas, engendered by the revolution, on the part of the liberal bourgeoisie.

The strongest chapter of the book is that which deals with France, the weakest that which describes the revolutionary spirit in Germany. The latter is the usual cliché, monotonously copied from the apparently hard-dying propaganda of the first world war, which persists to influence the minds of many of our American historians.

To the serious student of history *The Age of Revolution* is of greater importance than the first-mentioned book. Professor Saunders describes the forces which created Liberalism in the eighteenth and developed it during the first half of the nineteenth century. In the second part of his book Professor Saunders presents to the reader the factors which brought about the tragic decline and downfall of Liberalism in Europe, such as the weakening of positive religion under the onslaught of rationalistic criticism; the rise of a materialistically orientated natural science and technique; an excessive and exclusive nationalism; the worship of force, resulting from the wide acceptance of the pitiless Darwinian dogmas of the "struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest"; a distorted idea of race and race superiority; and the rise of socialism and communism.

Both of the books under review convey to this reviewer the lesson that it is much easier to have grand visions and to destroy an existing faulty political and social structure than to put in its place a solid and lasting new structure. They furthermore exemplify the fallacy of the common opinion that people can be made content and happy through mere democratic forms and techniques, such as universal suffrage, especially if such formal democracy is imposed upon people without consideration for their history and social heritage. The proof of the quality of a cake does not lie in the appearance of its frosting but in its substance.

F. K. KRUGER

## Infant State

*PROMISE AND FULFILMENT.* Palestine 1917-1949. By Arthur Koestler, Macmillan, New York. 1949. 335 pages. $4.00.

WHEN the world's most hated minority fights a traditionally vicious people on a stage set by the greatest empire, it is natural for historians to despair as they describe the resultant freak war. When Jew fights Arab within British domain, the entire world is attracted. Though the struggle for Palestine was in a

sense an anachronism, the exaggerated emotions and distorted reason it promoted was a symbol of modern war. Reporters could present day-by-day accounts accurately; historians find it difficult to gain perspective or objectivity.

Arthur Koestler is no exception. Knowing that he is not the man to try—he has seen too much to write without passion and shouting—he chose to present a "psychosomatic" view of these years. Since he sees the rise of Israel as dependent on psychological factors as much as on social and economic ones, he traces the "subjective factor in its history." For that task he is well equipped.

Cosmopolite Koestler has repeatedly lived in Palestine and knows first-hand the reaction of the Jews to policies affecting them. He is at his best when he describes their bitterness to see unfulfilled the promise of "Sinai and Downing Street." As usual he burlesques the Arabs and British—Bevin most savagely—but one feels more at home with him when he does this than when he pretends to be cool. When he attempts to describe Jewish retributive violence he is unable to present it fairly.

In *Background* he traces the conflict of 1917-1939, from the Balfour promises to Bevin's "It's either them or us," with a bit more clarity than one might have expected. *Close-up* should have been the best part of the book and is the worst. It is a spotty diary with weak and irrelevant anecdote, only occasionally balanced by brilliant reporting of his visit with Ben-Gurion and the death of Bernadotte. *Perspective* is the most important section. Here he looks to the fall of Orthodox influence in politics, language, and religion. Describing the culture of the new state, he evidences distaste for Ben-Gurion's "cultural claustrophobia" and the Orthodox Party's provincial chauvinism. Taking an environmental view of Jewish nature rather than an hereditary, he awaits the day when Israel no longer pretends it has a unique tradition and assimilates, but does not imitate, Western Culture.

For blaming all parties for "blindness" and "sin" we have to thank Mr. Koestler. The promise of this book is a chronicle of the birth of Israel; the fulfillment is a chronicle of the opinions of an eminent "Israelite." Since he is particularly equipped and informed, such a subjective fulfillment is extremely significant.

MARTY MARTY

## Travesty on Justice

*THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA*. By A. Frank Reel. Univ. of Chicago Press. 1949. 324 pages. $4.00.

THE CASE OF GENERAL YAMASHITA is one of the first books written on the war crime trials conducted in the Far East. This legalistic affray which reached its conclusion on the gallows was the first of such trials.

Mr. Reel, one of six lawyers chosen to defend Yamashita, has written a lucid account of the incidents which led to the trial and portrays a damning picture of the trial itself.

Shortly after his surrender, Yamashita, who had been commander of all the Japanese forces in the Philippine Islands, was arraigned as a war criminal and tried before a military tribunal of five generals, none of whom was a lawyer. He was charged with ordering, condoning, or failing to punish the atrocities perpetrated by the soldiers under his command. He was finally convicted on the theory of "command responsibility"; that is, he knew or should have known of the atrocities and should have punished the perpetrators.

The methods and procedure used to reach a conviction on this theory and the evidence or lack of it which supported the conviction are the basis of the author's strongest objection, and one which this reviewer unhesitantly sustains.

The prosecution's case was based primarily on atrocities committed in Manila, at Palawan, and those incident to stamping out guerrilla action in Batangas Province. Several hundred witnesses gave bloodcurdling accounts of wholesale murder, torture, and rape. That these conditions existed is beyond dispute. That General Yamashita should have been held responsible is open to grave doubt. That he was given the semblance of a fair trial is strenuously denied by the author.

Counsel were given only three weeks to prepare a defense. Rules of evidence were non-existent. Hearsay evidence—first, second, and even third hand—was admitted, as were unverified documents, depositions, and affidavits. Cross-examination, the defense lawyer's greatest weapon, was curtailed to the point of absurdity. Incompetent interpreters were used. Witnesses for the prosecution were discredited as perjurers. The theme of the entire trial was haste.

The author sets forth in detail the facts which formed the basis for the defense. Generally, the evidence tended to prove that the overwhelming majority of the atrocities were committed by troops which at the time were not under Yamashita's command, that those committed by soldiers over whom he had absolute control were done contrary to his specific orders, and particularly that because of the disrupted communications Yamashita could not possibly have known of the acts. The reader must admit that a convincing case is presented. The facts seem to be undisputed. Twelve newspaper correspondents who were present during the entire trial thought they were conclusive when in a secret ballot all voted for acquittal.

On December 7, 1945, a significant date, the tribunal read its fateful decision—death by hanging.

Aside from his claims of a grossly unjust trial and the death of the accused, Mr. Reel warns that tremendous implications become apparent, implications which command the thoughtful and sober consideration of every American. He points out that here are Americans who have fought for freedom and justice, who demand punishment for the criminals. With the latter he does not disagree. But here are Americans whose thinking, perspective, and foresight

are clouded by righteous anger and, unfortunately, by the desire for revenge, who make a pretense at and a sham of the justice they died for, who kill in the name of that justice, who refuse to heed the warnings of a courageous few, who set up a precedent which one day may reach to themselves. Here is abortive justice. Here is revenge.

The book, then, poses the following question which must be answered by everyone who reads it: Was this first of a long series of trials the epitome of justice, or was it legalized revenge and the shame of a nation? The question is not difficult to answer. —LOUIS F. BARTELT

## Valedictory?

*A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK.* By W. Somerset Maugham. New York. Doubleday & Co. 367 pp. $4.00.

I PUBLISH it," says Maugham in his preface, "because I am interested in the technique of literary production and in the process of creation, and if such a volume as this by some other author came into my hands I should turn to it with avidity."

Let us turn then with Maugham-like avidity to this new work, what looks like to be the last Maugham we shall get from a 75-year-old author who writes he is "like a passenger waiting for his ship at a war-time port." He does not know on which day it will sail, but he is ready to embark at a moment's notice.

For if this journal, this memoranda, is not intended as Maugham's valedictory, it has all the sweep, all the climactic self-analysis of the farewell to life and letters. Actually Maugham makes no such pretension. He simply tells of enjoying the *Journal* of the Frenchman Jules Renard and being thus moved to collect his own notes, scattered and interrupted as they are, for the perusal of fellow writers. Included are a number of reflections set down at the beginning when he was 18. Maugham fears it would be dishonest with the reader to suppress these, chooses rather to expose himself as he was then, "ignorant, ingenious, enthusiastic and callow."

Here is the condensation of fifteen volumes of notes spanning his years as a medical student up to now—57 years of Maugham, literary, observant, skeptical, philosophic and, rather discontentedly irreligious.

At the first (1892) he wrote neo-emersonian little epigrams in the Oscar Wilde fashion popular then. (Sample: "How ugly most people are! It's a pity they don't try to make up for it by being agreeable.") Later he turns to note after note of pure description—the hospital, the Pacific, Moscow—and character delineation, the sort of personal emotions a novelist apparently jots down to employ in future fiction. The 1915 section carries an impressive example of his notebook as a literary storehouse. There are three brief notes, one about a missionary, another about a South Seas lodging house and the third on a Miss Thompson:

> Plump, pretty in a coarse fashion, perhaps not more than twenty-seven: she wore a white dress and a large white

hat, and long white boots from which her calves, in white stockings, bulged. She had left Iwelei after the raid and was on her way to Apia, where she hoped to get a job in the bar of a hotel. She was brought to the house by the quartermaster, a little, very wrinkled man, indescribably dirty.

And that is all of the now celebrated Miss Thompson. At this point Maugham inscribes a laconic foot-note—"On these notes I constructed a story called *Rain*."

And still later, more on the ways of the author. Maugham would have an aspiring writer "place himself in such conditions that he may experience as many as possible of the vicissitudes which occur to men . . . would have him be in turns tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor." In another note he opines that the novelist "must preserve a childlike belief in the importance of things which common-sense considers of no great consequence . . . must never entirely grow up." Another place Maugham decries literary style, says that Balzac, Dickens, Tolstoi and Dostoievsky wrote their respective languages "very indifferently." He thinks this proves "that if you can tell stories, create character, devise incidents, and if you have sincerity and passion, it doesn't matter a damn how you write."

There is in fact a little of everything else in Maugham's world in these pages—random notes on sex, Charlie Chaplin, the subjunctive, Yogi, everything. One thing that crops out frequently is Maugham's skepticism about religion. The closing pages of the book, particularly, contain a good deal of Maugham's speculation on the various ideas of God and the soul. In 1944 he wrote:

I do not know whether God exists or not. None of the arguments that have been adduced to prove his existence carries conviction, and belief must rest, as Epicurus put it long ago, on immediate apprehension. That immediate apprehension I have never had. Nor has anyone satisfactorily explained the compatibility of evil with an all-powerful and all-good God. For a while I was attracted to the Hindu conception of that mysterious neuter which is existence, knowledge and bliss, without beginning, without end, and I should be more inclined to believe in that than in any other God that human wishes have devised. But I think it no more than an impressive fantasy.

Only in brief periods has man lived save in continual fear and danger of violent death, and it is only in the savage state, as Hobbes asserted, that his life has been solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. Throughout the ages many have found in the belief in the life to come an adequate compensation for the troubles of their brief sojourn in a world of sorrow. They are the lucky ones. Faith, to those who have it, solves difficulties which reason finds insoluble. —RAY L. SCHERER

## The Neglected Third Person

*I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY SPIRIT*. By Fredrik Wisløff. Translated by Ingvald Daehlin. The Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1949. 272 pages. $3.00.

ALL CHRISTIANS confess: "I believe in the Holy Ghost." But many do not know much about the Holy Ghost. Pastor Wisløff does not at-

tempt to define or to describe Him, except to say: "He is God Himself! The third 'I' in the triune God." But he does speak in detail of the work of the Holy Spirit taking this work in its widest meaning, as described in Scripture.

He relates the Spirit to the Trinity, to the Word, and to the world. In the chapter "The Spirit and the Church" he treats the communion of saints, baptism, and the Lord's Supper. When he speaks of "The Spirit and the Christian," prayer is given much space. There are chapters on "Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit," on "Sanctification," and, finally, on being "Filled with the Spirit."

Fredrik Wisløff is a child of the spiritual awakening in Norway, which began in the middle of the last century, and which gave much attention to the subject of the Holy Spirit. It produced men like Ole Hallesby and Johannes Wisløff, the author's father.

The movement which the author represents stresses experienced salvation, the universal priesthood of believers, the using of lay gifts, and the cultivation of personal piety.

While this background is reminiscent of Pietism, Pastor Wisløff avoids the pitfalls of this movement in the Lutheran Church during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He stresses fidelity to the Bible and decries the "inner light" of the Quakers and Schleiermacher's slogan: "The best Christian can write his own Bible." To Wisløff "Christianity is after all a book-religion." "Experienced Christianity" is a living faith in the Christ of the Scriptures.

The closing words of the book constitute a beautiful summary of it:

> So then, this is the powerful paradox of the fulness of the Spirit: While the believer mourns because of the root of sin deep in his heart, the eye of God looks on a Christian who is gaining the victory. While his heart thirsts after God as the hart panteth after the water brooks, he continually drinks from the fountains of joy and power. While the Spirit-filled person groans heavily because of his own great poverty he is living the abundant life from which power flows to a dying world.
>
> So the ancient Latin saying proves true, as understood also in this connection: *"Deus maximo in minimo:* God is greatest in him who is least."

CARL A. GIESELER

## Human Relations in Business

*BOTTOM-UP MANAGEMENT:* People Working Together. By William B. Given, Jr. New York. Harper. 1949. $2.50.

BOBBIE BURNS wailed, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us, To see oursels as ithers see us!" Mr. Given has again masterfully portrayed the truth: that there is no permanent success goal, that we only succeed. He has ably presented the order of human relations in business as it prevails today, but—and I must emphasize this phase of it—as it prevails in an uninhibited environment. What I mean by this will be touched upon just a little later.

In the years past, business was predatory and fought with the bared fists. It took on all comers—the public,

the government, the employee, the church, and all other forces which might be a resistance. Human engineering simply did not exist. Vertical authority, alone, prevailed, as it did in the "flogging" days of the sea, as well as the inhuman attitude over against labor in bondage in the southern part of our country a century ago. While so-called free labor was treated a little better in the United States than elsewhere, nevertheless labor was looked upon as a commodity to be purchased at the lowest price and upon the most humiliating and, at times, inhuman terms.

The labor movement in the United States in the last seventy years deserves to be credited with the greatest portion of the improvement in working conditions throughout our country. Oddly enough, everybody profited. Not only were conditions improved for labor itself, but also for the employer and for the economic improvement of our country as well. Our land was pulled out of the mire of selfishness and greed through the hardest kind of battling on the part of labor leaders, which, in time, brought about an awakened public consciousness which, then, was welded into laws which protected the individual enterprise opportunity of the worker. The general good to all is so apparent that not even a predatory type of employer, who is alert and sagacious, would reverse the order of things.

Yes, Mr. Given in *Bottom-Up Management,* presents a splendid illustration of "smart" and understanding management. As Swift & Company have it, "The President retired, so we hired a new office boy." Mr. Given's book presents the ideal for which we must strive. In the greed of business, so great a toll was exacted and so selfish the conduct that the pendulum has swung to the other extreme. Much of the smoothness which Mr. Given envisions is simply impossible where the climate is unhealthy, and much of the climate is not good. The leadership of labor has succeeded in sowing the seeds of distrust to such a degree that the employer today is looked upon as the enemy of the employee. Every barrier that can possibly be erected to discourage a closer relationship between the individual employee and the boss is interposed. Logic and reasoning play little or no part in much of what is called "bargaining in good faith."

Correctly does Mr. Given state, "Building a right company is a long-time goal. It can not be accomplished in weeks or months . . ." But what if men are kept apart by the threat that to be friendly with the boss, one must of necessity be disloyal to fellow-workers? Mr. Given tells on page 91 of varying strikes, "Had we known each other as intimately as we did in the old days, they would have been fewer." Oh, yes, the olden days. . . . But remember, the docile olden days really got us into our difficulties. Had human engineering advanced a little more rapidly, and had the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount been given sway a little earlier, our task today would not be so difficult. —E. J. GALLMEYER

## Challenge to Contemporary Thought

*PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FUTURE: The Quest of Modern Materialism.* Edited by Roy Wood Sellars, V. J. McGill, Marvin Farber. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 657 pages. $7.50.

THE distinguished editors of this thick volume bring forward twenty-seven specialists—mathematicians, physical and social scientists, as well as professional philosophers—each to say his piece in behalf of the new materialism.

Modern materialism seeks to avoid the crude mechanism of a Büchner, Vogt, or Moleschott by appealing to a theory of integrative levels of organized matter characterized by distinctive laws. It evades new and subtle forms of vitalism by confining purpose and finalism to the top reaches of the phylogenetic scale. It is programmatic and self-corrective, taking as its concept of "matter" the one employed by working scientists of its own day. The materialist *philosopher* adds only epistemological clarification together with semantic and categorial analysis.

The essays divide into three sections: revelant historical surveys, constructive attempts to integrate concepts employed by the sciences into a comprehensive worldview, and critical studies of diverging contemporary philosophical positions. The essays are necessarily but unfortunately brief and the old questions still remain: Is the posthumous baptism of classical materialists into the cult of the new materialism quite proper in the face of the (some think not inconsistent) theologies of the presocratics, the (admittedly not overcome) phenomenalism of the French encyclopedists, the (some think not improper) "agnosticism" of the English nominalists? Of what use is the appeal to concepts of "matter" employed by scientists if, as logical empiricism insists, such concepts are neither necessary nor proper to the sciences? Finally, since it is clear that materialism is not less guilty than dogmatic philosophies notoriously are of misunderstanding positions which they take to be opposed to their own, how shall the criticisms here of positivism, pragmatism, Thomism, and existentialism "reduce heat and bring new light to the problems of modern philosophy" as the editors suggest?

The resources of modern materialism pooled in these essays are indeed impressive. Together they present a rather formidable challenge to contemporary thought. The reader's bewilderment is not diminished, of course, by the fact that almost identical appeals to scientific concepts are being made these days in behalf of *idealism.* The discerning reader, eager for what both positions can indeed contribute to the philosophic enterprise, will be wary therefore of the insistence that the issue between idealism and materialism is one of either-or. There is at least one important philosophic tradition which insists on combining the terms of this either-or; and there is another which contends just as manfully for a neither-nor.

RICHARD LUECKE

## The Earth and Uncle Joe

*ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY OF THE USSR.* By S. S. Balzak, V. F. Vasyutin, and Ya. G. Feigin. Chauncy D. Harris, editor, American edition. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1949. 620 pages. $10.00.

AMERICAN geographers have always felt rather happy that their field, at least, had no pronounced ideological overtones. One was either a good geographer or a poor geographer and professional capacity had nothing to do with political or ideological bent.

Comrades Balzak, Vasyutin, and Feigin, however, have been able to weave the Communist dialectic even into geography, an achievement that makes one wonder whether perhaps American geographers have not been a little too willing to dismiss the philosophical from their own studies. Certainly if there is a Communist view of geography there must be somewhere in the background an ideological conflict which involves also geography.

American geographers may well answer that the philosophical part of this book, so-called, has no proper place in the work at all and so needs no answer from the profession. And it is true that some strange authorities in the field of geography turn up in the first few chapters. There are the two German "geographers" —Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels— and a host of Russian "geographers" led by a chap named Lenin and another named Stalin, neither of whom, as far as we can tell, holds membership in any of the recognized professional societies.

The book is one of a series of important Russian works in translation which are being published by Macmillan in cooperation with the American Council of Learned Societies. We have no doubt that it will become a basic reference, not only for geographers but for anyone else who is interested in the Soviet Union. There is, of course, no way of checking on the accuracy of the statistics and of the maps (both of which are exhaustive), but there is no reason to suppose that they are inaccurate. The book was, after all, written for domestic use and presumably presents a true picture of Soviet geography and resources.

The great advantage of having a book such as this one is that we have, at last, a well-organized picture of the pattern of Soviet resources, a presumably honest picture of the industrial potential, and a rather clear idea of some of the problems which confront the Soviet economy. The maps alone are worth the purchase price of the book for they bring out patterns of distribution which former works have always left rather vague and fuzzy.

Of course, there is a lot of just plain rot mixed in with the good stuff. There is, for instance, a tendency to blame all of the troubles of the USSR either on the historical situation brought about by the centuries of Tsarist rule or else on the world situation since 1917 during which time the USSR has been a

socialist country in a capitalist world. Unbiased geographers would be more likely to put the blame on the rather unfavorable physical setting of the Soviet state and unbiased economists might put a considerable part of the blame on the Communist economy.

## Sorry Story

*LOST PEACE IN CHINA.* By George Moorad. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 1949. 253 pages. $3.00.

IN MAY, 1949, Chinese Communists quietly moved into legendary and fabulous Shanghai, the fourth largest city in the world. After thirty-five days of battle the largest city of China was brought into the Soviet orbit and became the greatest metropolis ever to come under communist rule. Since that time the Chinese Red army has cut a swath across China so as to virtually engulf that country. The top leaders of the Chinese Nationalist government have been driven into flight and have set up the new communist-dominated government, the People's Republic of China. Today the world faces the dilemma of recognizing or repudiating that government.

What did the United States do upon the collapse of the Nationalist government? In a 1,054-page white paper the State Department told the world that the United States was guiltless in the disaster which led up to China's defeat by the Reds. Behind this document lies a story of a bungling American foreign policy in China as revealed by *Lost Peace in China.* In this timely book the author, an observer and newscaster of good repute, has set forth his eyewitness report on the conflict between American, Russian, and Chinese policies which led to the Kuomintang collapse. The thesis set forth by the writer is that the current Chinese crisis has its roots in the Cairo and Yalta decisions. Shortly after the Cairo Conference, the Sino-Soviet Treaty of 1945 revealed to the world for the first time the price which Russia had exacted for joining the western allies in the Pacific war. By that treaty the Soviets inherited everything gained from the Japanese. The concessions made at Yalta were of even more far-reaching consequence as an aid to Soviet aggression in China.

Experience and fact were studiously avoided in America's foreign policy in China which in the main has been confined to an isolationistic position. This developed out of the disillusionment about collapsing China and the fear of Russia. At the same time the Kuomintang was demonstrating its genius for negligence in its vainglorious attempts to regain political prestige at any cost. Neither the Kuomintang nor its American advisers seemed to realize how well the chaos and misery of the Chinese were serving communism. Thus, between Soviet aggression and the moral weakness of the West, China has been reduced to its present state of impotency. Just how genuine freedom and independence will be asserted in China remains a world problem.

RICHARD G. ALTOBELLI

## Inventory and Forecast

*U. S. A. MEASURE OF A NATION:* A Graphic presentation of America's Needs and Resources. By Thomas R. Carskadon and Rudolph Modley. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1949.

MUCH significant information that should be common knowledge often is uncommon knowledge. This frequently happens because those who collect and publish such information are scholars and inter their information in statistics. Two years ago the Twentieth Century Fund published an extensive scholarly study, "America's Needs and Resources." It presented a "moving picture of accomplishment and probabilities"—also of possibilities of the United States. The message was important but remained uncommon knowledge.

The Fund, recognizing the situation, decided to enliven dead statistics; "U. S. A., Measure of a Nation" is the result. In this abridgment the essence of the original is presented in simplified text and picture charts. It shows what we have accomplished, how we have accomplished it, and with what resources. Each chart is projected to show what the accomplishment should be by 1960.

But the book is not merely an historical analysis and a statistical projection. Perhaps the most important part of this important book is its analysis of our possibilities. Although we have had prodigious past accomplishments and the probability for the future is great, what we can do dwarfs both. These possibilities should be our objectives. If we can accomplish them, the benefits to all will be tremendous.

JOHN W. REITH

## Search for Light

*THE GOLDEN SEQUENCE.* By E. M. Almedingen. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia. 1949. 252 pages. $3.00.

E. M. ALMEDINGEN is well known in Europe and America as a novelist, as a poet, and as an authority in the field of medieval history. Miss Almedingen is the daughter of a British mother and a Russian father. She left Russia in 1922 and became a British subject in 1930. She has written many articles, hundreds of short stories, twelve books, three volumes of poetry, and, she confesses, "one unfortunate play." *Tomorrow Will Come,* an autobiography, won the Atlantic Prize Award in 1941. Miss Almedingen's new novel, *The Golden Sequence,* clearly reflects expert craftsmanship as well as the author's intimate and extensive knowledge of the medieval scene. She says:

> The book wrote itself—I mean the shape got planned on its own. I did not have to do much spade work since I've read medieval sources since I was twenty and had the idea in mind for years. The poem itself has always meant something living.

Miss Almedingen has used as a theme for her book a great poem of which the age and the authorship have not been established. The earliest extant manuscript of *The Gold-*

*en Sequence* dates back to the thirteenth century. The poem has been called "an ordinary man's spiritual biography." It is used by the Western Church as the Sequence for Mass for the Festival of Pentecost.

Walafrid, the son of Ruodi and Gertrudis, was an ambitious and talented boy. He had the gift of song. He dreamed of going out into the world. He was "determined to shape his life according to his own fashion." Walafrid was still a very young man when the treachery of an old friend brought an abrupt end to all his plans. Blind and crippled, Walafrid lived out his pain-filled days in a monastery. It was here that his faith was re-awakened and a new love for mankind was kindled in his heart; it was here that he died, not, as the abbott of the monastery said, "as a hero or martyr, but like a common man committed to an uncommon inheritance."

## Tragic Land

*THE CRACK IN THE COLUMN.* By George Weller. Random House, New York. 1949. 370 pages. $3.00.

THE ancient land of the Hellenes has fallen on evil days. For years Greece has been ravaged by hunger and disease, torn by civil warfare and political clashes, and helplessly enmeshed in the cruel game of power politics. The situation of the Greek people is desperate; the ultimate destiny of this once-glorious country hangs in a precarious balance.

Veteran foreign correspondent George Weller points out that many complex problems must be solved before even a small measure of stability and prosperity can be achieved in Greece. Mr. Weller was in Greece during and after the period of German occupation. He saw the underground resistance to the hated Nazi invader. He witnessed the withdrawal of the enemy forces and the coming of the British and American allies. Then, as now, Greece was divided into hostile factions. Then, as now, the ranks of the patriotic Greek guerrillas were split by bitter rivalries, private quarrels, and confused leadership. Then, as now, the Greek Communists worked shrewdly and tirelessly to gain control of the government.

*The Crack in the Column* presents an honest, intelligent, and compassionate evaluation of this tragic period in Greek history. It is regrettable that Mr. Weller's skill as a novelist does not equal his skill as a reporter. The development of the plot devised for *The Crack in the Column* is hampered by a barrage of political information. The characterizations are shadowy and unimpressive.

## Fatherly Guidance?

*LETTERS TO MY SON.* By Dagobert D. Runes. Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 92 pages. $2.75.

THIS, to put it briefly, is a eulogy of the Jews and a vilification of Christians and Christianity, intermingled with stray thoughts on a variety of other subjects. It is the emotional outburst of a man who derives satisfaction from giving vent to his feelings in defiance of fact and

logic. "What would the world, our Western world, be without the Jews?" asks Runes. "Remove the traces of Jewish steps and the world would go back five thousand years." "The Jew is really [the] creator [of religion]"—not God, it would seem. And the Christians? "All that the Christians and their neighbors have done for the past two thousand years is persecute the Jews and destroy them." "Seventy million well-educated Christians living in the heart of Europe" murdered six million Jews. (All inhabitants of Western lands who are not Jews are obviously Christians to Rune's way of thinking.) "Not a single believing Christian German, of the seventy million, stood up and said, 'Nay, let us not murder.'" (Many did, at their peril.) "The people of the Christian world were not concerned with the fate" of the Jews. "The world of Christian men went about its business, deaf to the cries," etc. (That charge includes the Christians of America, many of whom were very much concerned.) — The root of anti-Semitism is admittedly the practice of blaming all Jews for the shortcomings of some of them: this type of logic, on this showing, does not seem to be restricted to anti-Semites.

Runes pours out his hatred and scorn for Christian teachings in blasphemies which we shall not repeat. Having thus inoculated his son negatively, what does he offer him positively? He exalts the Torah, the Law of Moses, and then advises his son not to obey any law, religious or otherwise, but only the "law of the heart." He pronounces the "Hear, O Israel," the one and true word of God but then says, "In your innermost self you will find Him. *Tatwamatsi:* Whatever you see is Yourself." What he means is evidently *tat tvam asi:* That art Thou—the pantheistic formula of the Upanishads. This would teach his son that he is himself God. No wonder, then, that he is to be a law unto himself. And what kind of law? "The most beautiful thing in the world, my son, is a 'white' lie." "The lie is the road to perfection; the truth is but an obstacle." Such is the fatherly guidance Runes offers his son. And Professor Henry Pratt Fairchild of New York University writes of this book: "It is a very fortunate son who can get letters like these from his father. . . . They should help to make a better world." *(sic!)*

## Read and Compare

*ROOSEVELT AND THE RUSSIANS: The Yalta Conference.* By Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. Edited by Walter Johnson. Doubleday & Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 367 pages. Illustrated. $4.00.

HISTORIANS, quasi-historians, hard-boiled politicians, journalists, barbers, and almost everybody still generate a large amount of heat whenever they discuss the Yalta Conference. Some say that Roosevelt and Stettinius were no match for Stalin and Molotov. The Russians, it is charged, pulled the wool over the eyes of the Americans at Yalta. Even the British, keen though they are in debate and in trading, are accused of

losing their shirts to the Russians at the epoch-making meeting in the Crimea.

The Yalta Conference took place in February, 1945. Germany had not yet been defeated, and even the wisest strategists were confident that much time, perhaps years, would elapse before Japan could be forced to bite the dust. The men who met in the Crimea were convinced that Germany and Japan would be knocked out of the war, but it was necessary for them to give careful thought to many possibilities and many contingencies. The victory and its consequences could not be discussed at Yalta as it is being discussed after the event.

When and how will the American people arrive at the actual truth concerning what was done at Yalta? If you base your conclusions about the conference wholly on verdicts that are determined by party politics, you will undoubtedly be ready, and even eager, to assert without further ado that the truth about Yalta and its consequences has been known for more than four years. In that case you will deem it altogether unnecessary to pay any further attention to the "how" part of the question. If, however, you believe, as many do, that party politics affords at best a somewhat wobbly foundation, you will be ready, and even eager, to say, "I dare not be hasty in my judgment." In that case you will be ready, and even eager, to listen with an open mind to those who bitterly castigate the men who represented our country at Yalta, and you will be ready, and even eager, to give ear with equal interest to those who defend our representatives at this historic conference. No one can say when everything about the meeting will be known and definitively evaluated.

The late Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., was a staunch defender of what was done at Yalta. It is easy to say that he had an ax to grind when he prepared his book, but it is just as easy for a fair-minded reader to note that Stettinius strove to discuss the conference and the decisions with objectivity. Obviously, his volume does not, and cannot, give a conclusive answer. Nevertheless, it is an important document—a document which deserves careful and intensive study.

As one reads *Roosevelt and the Russians,* one is sometimes overwhelmed by the thought that the author, in spite of a sincere endeavor to write dispassionately, is often too strenuous in his defense of what was done at Yalta. Read the book, but do not neglect those accounts and evaluations of the conference that paint a different picture of what was done in the Crimea a little more than four years ago.

# The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

## Is the Red Tide Ebbing?

TIME was—and not so long ago, at that—when to utter even a mild criticism of Communism in general, or of Russia in particular, was to lay oneself open to the charge of "fascist," "red baiter," "witch hunter," and similar endearing epithets. We well remember the club car conversation with a well-fed businessman, not more than five years ago, wherein he tried to convince us of the progress of democracy in the Soviet Union, and of the innocuous character of the Communist philosophy. He argued all the way from Memphis to Chicago, but we alighted at Central Station still unconvinced.

But time has passed, the fashion in ideologies has changed, and Henry Wallace has become shopworn. Nowhere is this more evident than in a perusal of the current periodicals. It takes a hardy soul nowadays to hold a brief for Communism or to say a kind word for Uncle Joe. Take, for example, the transcript of *Town Meeting* for November 8. The subject was "Should the Communist Party Be Outlawed Now?" The four participants, including such full-blown liberals as Congressman Jacob K. Javits of New York and President Harry D. Gideonse of Brooklyn College, fell all over themselves in protesting their abhorrence of Communism and their utter rejection of all its works.

The argument about outlawing the Communist party has been going on for a long time. We even recall the dear dead days of the 1948 presidential primaries, when Tom Dewey and Harold Stassen belabored the issue at every wayside crossing out here in Oregon. There is obviously much to be said on both sides, and the speakers on *Town Meeting* said it well. (Incidentally, these weekly printed transcripts are an important contribution to the current literature on the problems of the day, and are well worth the nominal subscription price.) In any event, the observation of Dr. Gideonse is significant:

Communism today in the United States is in a decline. It's in a de-

cline because we fought it to a standstill. . . . We're smoking them out by exposure. The facts . . . are brought to light, and the results are devastating to communism.

It is true that the Communist party is not just another political party. It is organized, untruthful, political conspiracy, and a member of the Communist party is not just a member in the sense we use the term member when we speak of registered Republicans or Democrats.

The C.I.O., at long last, has found that out. The details of the history-making convention at Cleveland are too well known to warrant repetition here, except to refer to the trenchant article by Robert Bendiner in the *Nation* for November 12, entitled "Surgery in the C.I.O." The growth of Communism in the great labor organization was likened to a cancer at the Cleveland sessions, and the cancer had to be cut out. There were some who opined that the operation might have been avoided "if the growth had not been carelessly fostered in its early stages." Bendiner writes:

In a week of speeches the sins of the pro-Communists were thoroughly aired. . . . What transcended the specific counts in the indictment was the conviction, piled up over the years, that the Communists simply could not be trusted as other men because their loyalty lay elsewhere. . . . The day of the great accounting had come.

The same periodical, in its issue of November 19, again carries several feature articles on the theme of Communism, with special reference to the situation in China. In "How the Communists Rule," Andrew Roth describes the Communist technique in taking control of Shanghai. Mr. Roth's description tallies with that of a young missionary in a recent church periodical. The young man deplored the chaotic conditions under the Nationalists, hailed the advent of the Reds into the city, and rhapsodized over the wonderful improvements which the Communists brought to the life of the city. We wondered, upon reading the report, what he would have to say about the Communists after living under their regime for a year.

Mr. Roth's article furnishes a clue in that direction. He, too, reports that at first the Reds ruled with moderation, brought order out of chaos, stabilized the currency, and provided enough food for all. But as time went on and economic conditions in the city worsened, the squeeze began. Today, reports the *Nation's* correspondent, the foreigners in Shanghai are being subjected to a policy of studied and increasingly severe harassment.

One sign of the Communists' lessening moderation toward foreigners was the way the small incidents

between Chinese and foreigners which have always been common here were played up. The Communists used these incidents to show Shanghai citizens how fortunate they were to be "liberated" from the "Anglo-American imperialists" with their "foreign privileges."

The same issue of the *Nation* carries an editorial advocating the recognition of China. Despite the indignities to which American consular representatives and other citizens have been subjected, and despite the current revulsion against Communism in all its forms, the *Nation* argues that in China we are confronted with a *fait accompli,* and that the advantages to be gained from recognizing the Red regime should not be forfeited. We are, however, exceedingly dubious of the line of thinking which leads the *Nation's* editorialist to call the Communist revolution in China "the greatest social movement of modern times." The *Nation,* it appears, still has not learned the lesson of the ravished countries of Eastern Europe, seduced by the blandishments of a Communist tyranny that came disguised as "social reform."

## Catholics in the News

THE Church of Rome has never been adverse to publicity. In fact, its influence upon the channels of communication, particularly in this country, has drawn screams of rage from envious and frustrated Protestants. Of late, however, not all of the publicity attaching to the Catholic Church —especially in current journals of opinion—has been good. Indeed, it has been franker and more controversial than ever before. Recall, for example, Harold Fey's series in the *Christian Century* a few years ago, "Can Catholicism Win America?" and Paul Blanshard's devastating articles in the *Nation* during the past year, now published in book form under the title *American Freedom and Catholic Power.*

In the November issue of *Harper's,* George N. Shuster, prominent Catholic layman and president of Hunter College, essays to present the Catholic position in a well-reasoned and temperate lead article, entitled "The Catholic Controversy." Dr. Shuster deplores the increasing secularism of our day, especially as this trend is reflected in measures which react adversely upon the Catholic Church—e.g., the Supreme Court decision on released time, the opposition to federal aid to parochial schools as set forth in the Barden bill, and others. Worried Dr. Shuster argues:

> We have drifted along, crediting the benevolence of man and his enlightenment, until we have now found that no nine people can agree about

even any legal principle or precedent. A society which thus rids itself of fences and landmarks fills the Catholic with consternation. For he can surmise that some time, because the vacuum created by moral ambivalence demands it, the state will acquire a moral code like that of the Communists or Fascists.

And yet one cannot read this article without being conscious of the fact that Dr. Shuster has presented only one side of the story—presented it intelligently, urbanely, winsomely, to be sure, but still only one side. And we must agree with his candid admission at the end of the article: "Concluding, I am conscious of having stalked many deer and shot none."

Speaking of the Catholics, the noted Catholic weekly, *Commonweal,* observed its twenty-fifth anniversary with a special issue on November 4. *Commonweal* is always stimulating reading, sharply as we may differ with many of its views, and never more so than in this anniversary number. The list of contributors carries such distinguished names as Jacques Maritain, Catholicism's foremost contemporary philosopher; Thomas Marton, Trappist monk, mystic, and famed author of *The Seven Storey Mountain;* George N. Shuster, and others. One of the most interesting articles is a discussion of social welfare in the light of the Catholic philosophy ("The Scandal of the Works of Mercy") by Dorothy Day, one of the founders of the *Catholic Worker.* She decries the fact that concern for human welfare and social responsibility have been delegated almost exclusively to the domain of the State. The Church, she maintains, must take the lead in establishing a new and better social order.

Still on the subject of the Catholics, the *Christian Century* for November 23 contains an article by President A. C. McGiffert of Chicago Theological Seminary under the heading, "Horace Bushnell on Parochial Schools." He discusses the attitude of the famous Congregational preacher of the mid-nineteenth century on the topic which, a hundred years later, is still a burning issue: Are schools of the Church entitled to public aid? Bushnell's answer was:

> "The State cannot distribute funds to ecclesiastical and sectarian schools without renouncing a first principle of our American institutions and becoming a supporter of a sect in religion."

If Bushnell were living today, he might prove an even more formidable—and less restrained—opponent to Cardinal Spellman than a certain well-known lady.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

# A SURVEY OF BOOKS

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

By Vincent Sheean. Random House, New York. 1949. 374 pages. $3.75.

FOR A Western man, Mr. Sheean knew Gandhi well. He visited him in '44. He was with him again in the winter of '47-'48. He was just a few feet from him at the moment of the fatal shot.

That was when it happened. There was the physical manifestation of blistered fingers; there was the psychological turmoil of shock and horror; there were a few strange evenings of experiences "which can hardly be described for a Western reader at all"; and there was the final victorious declaration to an Indian friend: "I have rejected historic materialism once and for all. . . . I believe in God."

Mr. Sheean feels certain that he has found in the teachings of the man of India a promise of world peace and the end of error and confusion. For him the death of the Mahatma was a "theophanic moment," setting off an "atomic reaction" which may go far.

Whether the reader will succeed in relating as Sheean does the death of Gandhi to Einstein's formula for the disintegrating atom or not, he will find the book interesting reading. It traces closely the growth of the "Great Soul" from his early delinquencies to his final obsession for truth and non-violence. Particular attention is paid to his religious struggles and his steady fidelity to a slightly unorthodox Hinduism. Nothing which might attract the eye practiced to discover human interest is left out, from Gandhi's love of Newman's hymn to his reverence for the cow.

GEORGE LUECKE

## FROM STATESMAN TO PHILOSOPHER

*A Study in Bolingbroke's Deism.* By Walter McIntosh Merrill. Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 284 pages. $3.50.

HENRY ST. JOHN, Viscount Bolingbroke, is remembered chiefly as a politician and man of the world. As a political success under Queen Anne, he served as Secretary of State

during negotiations for the Peace of Utrecht. But precisely as he had become the most powerful figure in English political life, Queen Anne died. In the reshuffle Bolingbroke was attainted and exiled to France. His negotiations for restoration of property, title, and rights were never more than partially successful; but with each frustration there followed a period of retirement during which Bolingbroke read extensively, discoursed with Alari, Pouilly, Voltaire, Pope and others, and became Bolingbroke the philosopher.

Bolingbroke's theories, admittedly without either systematic presentation or formulation, are here described collectively as a deism. As such his philosophy exhibits the negative aspect of a criticism both of metaphysics and revelation as he understands them and the positive aspect of deistic theories of Providence, evil, immortality, natural religion and ethics.

Something could be said of Bolingbroke's inconsistency both in method and matter. He repudiates *a priori* reasoning but proceeds to deduce theories of Providence, miracles, and optimism from the deistic conception of God's nature. He rejects analogical reasonings but himself appeals to Paley's watch in arguing the existence of God. He alternately declares benevolence and self-love the fundamental law and instinct of human nature. He accepts pristine Christianity as the closest approximation of the religion of nature while virtually denying every special revelation.

RICHARD LUECKE

## THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE

By Graham H. Stuart. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 516 pages. $7.50.

A WORKMANLIKE history by a Stanford professor of the department in terms of organization, procedure and personnel. Dr. Stuart is content to leave policy matters up to such diplomatic historians as Thomas A. Bailey and Samuel Flagg Bemis. The book has a scholarly approach, is amazingly detailed, heavily footnoted and traces affairs from the Department of Foreign Affairs established in 1781 with a secretary and two clerks to today's hydra-headed Department of State.

Among other things Stuart shows there is a visible thread of continuity stretching from then to now. He sets about evaluating each of the secretaries in terms of their efficacy, for instance calls Hull "great," notably for his efforts in the direction of international economic co-operation. Of Stettinius he remarks "but in 1945 the United States needed more than a good public relations man as head of the State Department."

Stuart maintains that much criticism of the State Department in the formulation of policy is unjustified because the president actually is in control here. But, he says, if there is a failure in execution, it must be blamed on the department. Finally, he judges that the department is still too cumbersome and suffering from the forced expansion brought on by the Second World War.

RAY L. SCHERER

## ONE FOR THE ROAD

By Robert C. Ruark. Doubleday and Company, Inc. 1949. 243 pages.

OLD MARSE ROBERT has collected a number of his newspaper columns plus what seems to be some original stuff and bound them all up into one convenient volume which might be passed off as a better-than-average book of humor if it weren't for the fact that the humor has a lethal quality about it when it involves phonies and stuffed-shirts and hypocrites.

An old sports writer, Uncle Bob is at his best when he jousts with the professional athletes. But he is almost as good when he discusses public affairs, women, booze, and show business, with all of which (or whom) he seems to have had first-hand contact. His style is a sort of gabby, hairy-chested thing which at times might set the squeamish to squirming. But the spirit is that of an essentially decent person who knows that he is living in a cockeyed age and doesn't mind saying so.

The book is illustrated by Robert Taylor whose drawings are the perfect complement to Ruark's prose style.

## SPENDING FOR HAPPINESS

By Elsie Stapleton. Prentice-Hall. 1949. 298 pages. $2.75.

MRS. STAPLETON de-emphasizes the mechanics of budgeting and devotes the majority of her book to a discussion of the major items of expense involved in living. Her work is essentially a case book built out of her experience with more than 30,000 people seeking advice on how to spend their money to get what they want.

The book very effectively and often dramatically demonstrates that the average family or spender does not know basically (1) what he wants (until he thinks about it in terms of what he's getting), (2) where his money goes (until he thinks about it, and then is amazed at the amount and non-essential character of many expenditures).

She offers interesting commentary on her experience with tithers. "Never have I known a tither to be in the red. Their spending patterns could well be models for other incomes in comparable brackets . . . it was the case with everyone who consulted me about a spending plan—each wanted to be absolutely certain he was spending 90% of his money as wisely and thriftily as possible. But 10% set aside for tithering—that was untouchable!"

ROBERT SPRINGSTEEN

## THE JUNGLE IS NEUTRAL

By F. Spencer Chapman, DSO. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 384 pages. $3.75.

AFTER being accustomed to reading about battles waged with task forces and armies, it is a change to read the account of a few individuals and their own small efforts against almost overwhelming odds and their continuous battle against succumbing to a "neutral" jungle.

Chapman remained in the Malay

jungle while the Japanese overran the Strait settlements, took Singapore and prepared to jump off to Australia. He was still in this jungle living with Chinese communist guerrilla bands when MacArthur returned to the Philippines.

*The Jungle Is Neutral* is a personal account of a man's struggle to exist; not only to exist, but to fight the enemy at every chance. It reads at times like an account of polar exploration, when similarly no matter how derelict the body, it is the sinews of the mind which hold a man together. In its simple, undramatic account of frustrations, defeats, of near death from fevers and wounds, this book contains a strong understanding of human nature couched in bitter wisdom and wry humor. Chapman develops a realistic perspective of the war and describes what makes men continue to fight when seemingly all is lost; to lead when, at the times, there are none to follow. It is one of the most stimulating books on the war. PAUL WOLF

## PASTORAL CARE OF THE SICK

By Johan Christian Heuch. Translated by J. Melvin Moe. Augsburg Publishing House, Minneapolis. 1949. 148 pp. $1.50.

ONE of the greatest privileges of the Christian pastor is that of ministering to the sick and dying members entrusted to his care. It is also one of the most difficult functions of his office to perform properly. At the sick-bed and death-bed the pastor, as the messenger of God's peace to man in Christ, must be at his best in bringing the healing Gospel and the life-giving Word to one who needs it in a particular way.

The author of *Pastoral Care of the Sick* realizes all this as demonstrated in his approach in his writing. The author clearly indicates the place of the Law and the Gospel in visiting the sick. He discusses the topics of tact on the part of the pastor as well as the different reactions which may be expected from the sick. Above all, the author points to the fact that the Gospel is the all important factor in a pastor's care for the sick.

Even though this brief book is a translation from the original Norwegian, the translator, the Rev. J. M. Moe has done an exceptionally fine piece of work in bringing the book to us in English. The pastor who is interested in soul care in cases of sick members can gain a great deal from this book in a very practical way.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

## AGAIN THE GOOSESTEP

By Delbert Clark. Bobbs-Merrill Co., N. Y. 1949. 297 pp. $3.00.

AS THE title and subtitle *(The Lost Fruits of Victory)* already indicate, Mr. Clark, former Berlin correspondent for the *New York Times,* takes a very gloomy view of the successful democratization of Germany under the Occupation. Our failure to sow even the seeds of democratic government and its peaceful employment of freedom he attributes to (1) the inept policies and bungling supervision of the Occupation powers, of whom only the U.S. and

Britain even attempted a long range and ambitious program; and (2) the incorrigible character of the German people, so soundly imbued with the *Fuehrer-prinzip* and so extremely nationalistic that they are incapable of any intelligent self-government that can be safely trusted by the other nations of the world.

The greatest blunder, in Mr. Clark's opinion, was the return of educational and economic power by our occupation authorities to the leadership of unregenerate Nazis, who paid their fines, served their prison terms, and who were considered "clean" even though they exhibited no manifest change of heart.

In this analysis of German character in the post-World War II era and the futile efforts of our occupation policies to produce a change, we missed any mention whatever of the church as an instrument of moral and spiritual rehabilitation. Since that is what is really needed instead of filling "democratic structures" with ex-Nazis, Mr. Clark's omission of the church can only mean either that the German churches are powerless or dead, or that the author himself has no confidence in the regenerative powers of the Christian faith and so, understandably, ignored this vital facet of living.

## SELECTED POEMS

By Ezra Pound. The New Classics Series. New Directions, Norfolk, Conn. 1949. 184 pages. $1.50.

THE cross-section of Pound's achievement presented in this selection provides opportunity for a post-mortem on the career of a poet whose years have never been dull. Since the debate following the award of the 1949 Bollingen Prize to the insane expatriate, now awaiting a trial for treason, even the man on the street has learnt to know this most obscure of the moderns. This book is no starting-point for a discussion of the artist's obligation to society—Pound's misuse of his gift in his late years is inexcusable—but it warrants a review of his poetic achievement, on the basis of which the award was given.

MARTY MARTY

## GIVE ME THY VINEYARD

By Guy Howard. Zondervan Publishing House, Grand Rapids, Michigan. 1949. $3.00.

GRADY ROGERS walked victoriously, for he walked with God." The end of a narrow, winding road cluttered with obstacles for the school-teacher and minister who found his Eldorado in the mountain town of Clear Springs; the end of tears, fears and fighting for Rosie Gurney and Hiram Jackson, and the end of a better-than-average religious novel dealing with internal struggle and outward strife.

Guy Howard has done an excellent job of portraying characters directly opposed to each other in their mental outlooks. He has taken a man of the mountains, Hiram Jackson, who knows life as an arena of fighting and shame. With Hiram he has put Rosie Gurney, Hiram's sweetheart, a strong-willed, God-fearing mountain woman who knows her God, her

man, and her duty. Forming a pleasant background for these two is Uncle Dave Gurney, a jovial, shrewd, and benign uncle—the father of the villagers when they are in trouble. To this mixture of mountain folk he has added a school-teacher and minister from the city—a righteous, broad-minded humanitarian—and his small son who is dying of tuberculosis. There is also a touch of the harder element in life in the characters of the Harmon brothers.

With this array of mixed personalities, Mr. Howard throws in a murder, a dog, a dam, a violin and gold. Result: a novel which is at once interesting and soothing, exciting and calming, filled with thought yet easy to read.

## LET LOVE COME LAST

By Taylor Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1949. 408 pages. $3.00.

THE love described in this book is a strange love. The story of this man and woman is not an ordinary one, and some of the events which take place seem hardly plausible. But in spite of the amazing episodes, Taylor Caldwell knows how to build up suspense and drama and all in all the novel is very readable. The main criticism this reviewer would like to mention, though, is that I believe Miss Caldwell attempts too many character sketches. The personalities of at least a dozen people are studied and developed over a period of about four generations; and although the main characters are boldly enough presented, there are many gaps in the histories of the Prescotts, their forbears, their children and their grandchildren. The end of the book leaves you gasping for air.

GRACE WOLF

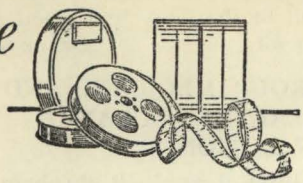
## GROUP MEDICINE AND HEALTH INSURANCE IN ACTION

By Robert E. Rothenberg, M.D. and Karl Pickard, M.D. Crown Publishers, New York. 1949. 278 pages. $5.00.

THE writing of this book was precipitated by the current question of compulsory national health insurance. It is an account of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York which is a *voluntary* plan involving 700 physicians who serve 200,000 persons insured for hospitalization, medical care, and diagnostic procedures.

Since the plan is the largest of its kind in existence, the authors freely give statistics and impressions of their two years' experience to serve as a guide for similar attempts and to give accurate data on which to base discussions of a national plan. They are the first to state the plan is still experimental and that accurate conclusions cannot be drawn at this early stage. At present they conclude that group medicine and voluntary insurance offer better care to the patient and give the doctors more uninhibited opportunity for practice of good medicine than solo, fee-for-service type practice. The chief disadvantages have not come from within the plan but from the bitterness and antagonism of those outside the plan.

LEONARD RITZMANN, M.D.

# The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN'S seventh successive annual "record and interpretation" of the Broadway theater once again forcefully emphasizes the fact that as a critic of the drama Mr. Nathan has no peers. The erudite Mr. Nathan occupies a unique position in the contemporary world of the theater. His standards are high; his critical judgment is impervious to bribes, threats, mawkish sentimentalism, and slavish traditions. His wide knowledge of the drama stems from forty-three years of close association with the theater. As a critic Mr. Nathan is forthright, original, and authoritative; as a writer he is lively, witty, and stimulating.

In *The Theatre Book of the Year 1948-1949* Mr. Nathan reviews the plays and the musicals presented in New York City during the past season. Here is his eagerly awaited Honor List for the year: The Best American Play —*Death of a Salesman,* by Arthur Miller. The Best Foreign Play—*The Madwoman of Chaillot,* by Jean Giraudoux. The Best Musical Play—*South Pacific,* by Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. The Best Revue—*Lend an Ear,* by Charles Gaynor.

In addition, Mr. Nathan has selected the worst play of the year. He concludes his appraisal of *Anybody Home,* by Robert Pyzel, with these words:

> I hereby publicly apologize to the author of any play which in the past I may have described as the worst I ever saw. This one, at least up to this hour of my misspent life, enjoys that honor.

What of the movies? Has America's foremost drama critic changed or softened his harsh judgment of this young and popular art form during the yast year? He has not. In his review of Clifford Odet's play *The Big Knife* Mr. Nathan says:

> Several years ago, Cedric Hardwicke replied to an interviewer's inquiry

as to how he regarded Hollywood: "It gives you everything—blue skies, soft climate, loads of money, a life of ease and luxury, world-wide celebrity, beautiful women—and it takes from you but one thing in return: your talent." Clifford Odets, who deserted the theatre to share in Hollywood's favors, and who has now returned, shows evidence of having paid the demanded price. We accordingly see him resorting to the Hollywood brand of sensationalism, doubly carbonizing his old melodrama, heightening its sex element, and going in wholesale for blackmail, murder, poisoned drinks, fisticuffs, racing motor cars, and other such film delicatessen. . . . Hollywood has robbed him of his sense of dramatic proportions.

There is much more of this. One wonders if Mr. Nathan will ever change his opinion of the movies. It could happen, for Mr. Nathan defends the critic who on occasion dares to contradict himself. He declares:

> Contradiction may as well be the offspring of increased education, experience, and perception, as it may be of the vacillations induced by ignorance. The critic who stubbornly adheres to original statements is sometimes like a bull-dog who gluttonously clings to a rubber bone.

Can it be that Mr. Nathan himself has been stubbornly and tenaciously clinging to his own pet rubber bone? When I read this caustic comment, "I am prepared to believe that anything can happen in Hollywood, except maybe a movie that an intelligent coal-heaver could look at without belching," I, in turn, am prepared to believe that Mr. Nathan could profit from a careful consideration of these words from his own gifted pen:

> There is a tide in the affairs of art as there is in the affairs of man and, while the basic principles may not be affected, there are ripples that glint with new lights and these new lights now and then dim the antecedent ones.

This is excellent advice, Mr. Nathan.

It seems unlikely that even the most intelligent of Mr. Nathan's intelligent coal-heavers will find it necessary to fortify himself with Tums when, and if, he exposes his tender stomach to *Task Force* (Warners, Delmer Daves) and *Battleground* (M-G-M, William Wellman). No one will be rash enough to say that these films are flawless. The plot contrived for *Task Force* is weak; the direction is inept, and the acting is unimpressive. In spite of these shortcomings *Task Force* is an engrossing picture. The combat sequences, taken from official United States Navy records, are breath-taking, and the photography is magnificent.

*Battleground* presents a vivid portrayal of the famous Battle of the Bulge. In December of 1944

the American 101st Airborne Division suddenly found itself surrounded near Bastogne, France, as the result of a surprise move by Nazi forces. A desperate struggle ensued, and the entire world watched and waited until the welcome news came to tell us that the Nazi attack had been crushed. The script for *Battleground*—written by Robert Pirosh, a veteran of the Battle of the Bulge—follows a well-worn, standard routine. It explores—sometimes in a heavy-footed manner—every phase and facet of what has come to be accepted as G.I. wit and behavior. To Director William Wellman must go the credit for achieving in this film a large measure of authenticity and realism. *Task Force* and *Battleground* do not have the shattering impact of some of the great wartime documentaries, but they do re-create a grim page from recent history. They serve to remind us of the terrible cost of war, and to recall to our short memories the horror, the tragedy, and the suffering of World War II.

Mr. Nathan's intelligent coal-heaver can leave his Tums at home when he goes to see *The Heiress (Paramount,* William Wyler). Impeccable taste and craftsmanship of a high order have gone into this screen adaptation of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 hit play—a play based on Henry James's dark and oppressive novel, *Washington Square.* Olivia de Haviland's brilliant characterization of the plain, timid Victorian spinster heroine is sensitive and convincing. Miriam Hopkins, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson are excellent in supporting roles. The entire production—a period piece—is handsomely mounted.

Now we come to a picture which will leave its mark on you—not on your stomach, but on your heart and conscience. *Pinky* (20th Century-Fox, Elia Kazan) is the third in a series of films devoted to the delicate subject of race relations in the United States. This is a serious theme. It deserves serious treatment. Darryl F. Zanuck, the producer of *Pinky,* seems to have made a real effort to keep this picture simple, direct, and honest. The story of the girl Pinky is a disturbing and deeply moving one. Elia Kazan's direction is clean and sharp, and the acting is uniformly and extraordinarily good. No one will be foolish enough to say that *Pinky* gives an answer to, or a solution for, a tragic, age-old problem. It will undoubtedly evoke adverse criticism among both white and Negro citizens of our land. It will be lauded by some, deplored by others. We have seen an increasing awareness and condemnation of the cruel injustice and the

shocking brutalities which grow out of racial prejudice and racial discrimination. The blood-soaked torture camps of Hitler's Third Reich should be a never-to-be-forgotten symbol of the depths of degeneracy which can result from a vicious and godless doctrine of race supremacy. *Pinky* will not bring about an overnight change in mass thinking. It does make at least a tiny scratch on the conscience.

At the present moment one-time Radio Announcer Paul Douglass is the man of the hour in the motion picture world. Mr. Douglass unquestionably is a capable actor. I hope that in the future he will be given something better than *Everybody Does It* (20th Century-Fox) as a showcase for his talents.

We know from recorded history that Christopher Columbus had a rich and exciting life. A film based on the adventures of the famous explorer could be colorful and dramatic, but *Christopher Columbus* (Universal-International) is downright tedious in spite of a high-priced cast, spectacular photography, and sumptuous settings.

Some time ago we had *Mother Was a Freshman.* Now we have *Father Was a Fullback* (20th Century-Fox), a flimsy, mildly entertaining little comedy.

Please pass the Tums, Mr. I. Coal-heaver. Nothing less than a double dose will quiet the gastronomical rumblings brought on by the following turkeys: *My Friend Irma* (Paramount), *Beyond the Forest* (Warners), *Tokyo Joe* (Columbia), *Chicago Deadline* (Paramount), *The Big Wheel* (United Artists), and *Red, Hot and Blue* (Paramount).

I shall end on a pleasant and cheerful note with Walt Disney's fine new two-part feature-length film titled *The Adventures of Ichabod and Mr. Toad* (RKO-Radio). This is a picture which will delight the hearts of children and of adults who have remained young in spirit. Ichabod is, of course, the famous schoolmaster portrayed by Washington Irving in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.* Mr. Toad is the winsome and beguiling figure created by Kenneth Grahame in *The Wind in the Willows.*

# The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

Two very timely and thoughtful articles are on tap for next month.

The author of the first of the two is Dr. Harry A. Overstreet whose recent book, *The Mature Mind,* was one of the most widely-discussed books of 1949 and a best-seller despite its serious theme. Dr. Overstreet, who is himself one of the best extant examples of a truly mature person, will discuss contemporary philosophy.

The author of our second article is an able young seminarian, Martin Marty, who is already well-known to our readers as a poet. He has written a well-documented study of Thomas Mann's views of Martin Luther, a rather controversial thing because both Luther and Mann have violent partisans.

For 1950, we have set ourselves two goals: the first (and an essential one if we are to achieve our purposes for existing), to double our subscriptions; and the second, to make a complete reappraisal of THE CRESSET to check on whether it is accomplishing what it is supposed to be accomplishing. In both of these projects, we shall need the help of our readers.

For the first, we would be very happy if each of our readers would introduce one more person to THE CRESSET (no sales talks, please, just an introduction). For the second, we would greatly appreciate criticism from our readers on the magazine as it stands—its good points, its weak points, its bad points, its sins of commission and its sins of omission. Publications, like people, cannot stand still. One either goes forward or he goes backward. We do not propose to go backward.

Subscriptions should be sent to 875 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Illinois. Critical letters should be sent to the editor, Dr. O. P. Kretzmann, at Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Both subscriptions and letters will be most welcome and will receive the prompt attention of the proper people.